JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Edward the Seventh—and After.

Another Lunacy Case.

The Isle of Wight Scandal.

John Bull in the City.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters, and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

The Drama of To-day.

Human Document.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

For Meaning of this Number, see Page ii. of Cover.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of March 12th 26th and April 2nd

NEIL COCHRAN, 25, Bankier Street, Glasgow, E. (No. 304,657.—March 12th.)

S. H. COUSINS, 17, Evelyn Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham. (No. 514,129.—March 26th.)

L. E. LORD, 104, Arden Road, Birchfields, Birmingham. (No. 126,799.—March 26th.)

CHARLES CUTHBERT, 6, Cleveland Terrace, Coatham, Redcar. (No. 125,251.—April 2nd.)

C. J. ROGERS, Edna House, Edna Street, Hoole, Chester. (No. 51,493.—April 2nd.)

MATT EVANS, c.o. 33, Northumberland Place, Bayswater, W. (No. 220,869. April 2nd.)

WILLIAM JOHNSON, 2, Kells' Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham. (No. 205,725.—April 2nd.)

G. LAKE, One Ash, Rowbarton, Taunton. (No. 107,590. April 2nd.)

W. HORN, 1, Ranelagh Gardens, Barnes, S.W. (No. 160,345.—April 2nd.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 16: —

4725	74330	149959	189267	306428
14218	93433	150455	195489	315990
27799	93670	164031	209119	324892
33677	94301	172024	232751	326886
41045	96247	173922	236507	337968
45641	111297	177062	237382	348308
46305	119661	177578	242262	368031
50027	123029	178119	249304	369023
51528	130334	188275	262450	372460
65868	144258	188771	268527	379628

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 11TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 9TH).

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VIII. No. 206. Saturday, May 14th, 1910. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

A Public Meeting

(under the Auspices of the League)
WILL BE HELD IN
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL,
FRIDAY, MAY 27th.
Chair to be taken at **8.30** p.m. by the President,
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P.
DOORS OPEN 7.30. ADMISSION FREE.

May 6th, 1910.

Edward the Peacemaker.

R. I. P.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The King is dead—Long live the King!

In these mediocre days, great things rarely happen. But a great thing has happened to-night. It is Friday, May the Sixth, and as the big bells of Westminster were chiming out, with the old melody, a quarter of an hour to midnight, so, too, in a hushed and startled land, were they tolling the death of King Edward the Seventh—King of Great Britain and Ireland and of all our dominions beyond the seas—the world's greatest Ruler, Statesman, Peacemaker.

Thus changes, with dramatic suddenness, the whole situation. We tremble to think of the consequences. King Edward was the fulcrum of every Court in Europe. At home, he was the buttress of the Constitution—the sage counsellor of Ministers—the hope and refuge of his people. It will always be a source of joy to us to remember that in the last issue of our journal which appeared before his death, we made this reference to His Majesty in politics. We said whoever collided with the Rock of the Throne was doomed—that it "stood out in eloquent silence, the sentinel and the symbol of the British Empire." To-day the silence is deeper—it is the silence of Death. Well, *Sunt superis sua jura.* It is a time to think.

The new King inherits an unsettled kingdom. He comes to the throne in troublous times. Who knows to what extent the late King's illness was induced by the cares of State—who knows what anxious days and nights he passed at Biarritz? *He* knew the situation—knew it better than anyone else in the world. The home crisis was but a poor thing—*that* he would easily have adjusted—compared with the foreign menace. And his death removes the one great guarantee of Peace. In truth, the new King comes into a kingdom of trouble. Let us all help him.

How? By dropping all this Party nonsense; by ceasing to talk about "guarantees" and "assurances"; by showing that we are capable, without involving the Throne, of adjusting our political machinery to the work of the country—and, above all, by WAKING UP. God save the King!

There is a persistent rumour that Mr. Horace Avory is to be one of the new Judges. In that case, we must get some more Contempt of Court money ready.

What a funny little fellow Mr. Justice Darling is! He has many quaint wheezes, but the funniest of all is when, at regular intervals of a quarter of an hour each, he exclaims, "There *must* be silence in Court!" —and then deliberately sends everyone into convulsions!

By the way, what is the duty of a Judge in the matter of summing-up a case to the jury? Should he put his own view of it before them, just as though he were Counsel on one side or the other, or should he put, impartially, the case on each side—simply adding, in a judicial spirit, such observations as are necessary to explain the law and assist the jury to clearly comprehend the issues? Perhaps Mr. Justice Darling will tell us.

We have had a recent opportunity of studying the methods of Sir Edward Carson at the Bar. He is in many respects a second Charles Russell—with just a sprinkling of Sergeant Buzfuz. Not a very great man—but great as men go nowadays. Mr. F. E. Smith is Lawson Walton. He and Mr. Hemmerde look like getting all the best work before long; whilst of the older school, Marshall Hall—who, at his best, is hard to beat—is again asserting himself. In purely commercial cases, Leslie Scott stands out by himself. Such, at any rate, are some of the impressions we have gathered during our recent visits to the Courts.

What is the position of a solicitor who admits paying commissions to people for bringing him business? Another question which we commend to the attention of the Law Society.

Leather Lane is one of the busiest of London's street markets, patronised exclusively by working-class people. Some few years ago, the London County Council cleared a large space with a frontage in the Lane, erecting model dwellings and a dozen shops upon it. Though the dwellings let well, the shops have been unoccupied all this time. This is probably due to Stiggins. Sunday morning is the busiest time of all the week, and though they knew this when they put up the shops, the Council deliberately inserted into the conditions of tenancy the restriction that the premises must remain closed on Sundays. So Stiggins keeps the shops empty, and the ratepayers whose money built them have been, and continue to be, deprived of hundreds of pounds of yearly revenue. Oh, for that Business Government!

Major Robert Creig, of Edinburgh, after making a great splutter in one of the local papers, has written to inform the treasurer of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary that he is unable to give any further support to the institution on the ground that it has accepted a sum of fifteen guineas, part proceeds of a Sunday Society orchestral concert. We are without information as to the gallant Major being on the active or the retired list; but assuming for a moment that he was on active service, would he decline to perforate his enemy with lead or stick them with cold steel if called to battle on Sunday to the tune of "The Cock o' the North," played on the bagpipes? His action in this matter is the sheerest puritanical absurdity. And to what extent did the Major support the Edinburgh Infirmary?

During the heat of debate in the Hexham District Council on the momentous question whether pierrots or a band should perform on the Sele, one of the members, Mr. Councillor Lee, rose to remark that while Hexham might not be worse than other places, he had noticed by the last annual report of the Medical Officer that no fewer than 17 illegitimate children were born in the town. Unless this state of things was due to the faults of the pierrots and was to be improved by a band we should be inclined to say that Mr. Lee was out of order. Pulled up by another Councillor, he did indeed disclaim any desire to make the pierrots responsible for this unauthorised increase of Hexham's population. However that may be, the pierrots are to visit Hexham no more, the pitch is to be let to a band instead, and presumably the hon. member looks forward to an improvement in the next annual report of the Medical Officer with the greatest confidence. We trust the band won't disappoint him. It *may* depend on their uniforms.

A week or so ago, when the Ashton Board of Guardians met to interview two applicants for the post of resident medical officer at the workhouse hospital, Dr. Barnes, of Dinas Powis, in South Wales, almost sent them into apoplectic fits. This medical gentleman had no sooner got into the room than he announced his refusal to take the post. "You have got a magnificent institution," said he, "one of the finest in England, splendidly equipped and everything desired, but your system of organisation is scandalous and rotten in the extreme. If I were to take this post at the salary you offer——" At this point there was uproar, the spirit of funk settled on the assembled members, and the doctor was voted out of the room, Mr. S. Newton, J.P., having previously heatedly asked, "Are we going to have these lectures in the public press, or what?" Well, here is the lecture in the rough and the raw, and the other question now is, What is the matter with the Ashton workhouse hospital? Dr. Barnes obviously said less than he intended, and he ought to "out" with the rest, and justify his severe and volcanic criticism. A system of workhouse hospital organisation alleged to be "scandalous and rotten" is not one which, if proved, ought to be tolerated.

We are getting hopeful of the *Daily News*. In its leading article the other day on "Democracy, True and False," there were a few sentences which arrested our respectful attention. "It is not so much that everyone is 'born either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative'; it is that too many of us are cheerfully and responsibly recruited under one or the other banner without ever consulting our reason as to the claims of either. We should not dream of acting so in a matter affecting our private business; and yet the matters before the nation to-day, regarding which the different parties advocate different policies, are just as real and overwhelmingly important. The thought might make us pessimistic regarding our representative system if we did not feel, looking at our past century's history, that on the whole we were improving. . . ." Are Mr. Cadbury, the proprietor, and Mr. Gardiner, the editor, angling for places in our forthcoming Business Government?

Medical men are much concerned at the decision of the House of Lords that anybody may practise medicine, surgery, or dentistry, provided he does not make any false pretences as to his qualifications. There is nothing new in this view. But the emphasis of a decision by the highest court in the realm involves a real public danger. By no means are all registered practitioners qualified to physic and carve their patients; that is common knowledge. But the risks are necessarily increased when persons without the slightest training or experience can open shop for practising their abyssmal incapacity on their fellow creatures. Here, surely, is a clear case for useful and even essential Parliamentary interference.

Two constables, James and Williams, have been ordered by the Newport Watch Committee to resign the force for using "bad and offensive language" to a brother officer. The two men were off duty, and were met in the street by the other constable, who stated that he had heard a bell ringing on the premises of a jeweller in the High Street. Examining the doors, and not finding anything unusual, the two men are alleged to have cursed their brother-policeman with blistering heartiness. We put it to the Watch Committee that the officers have been sufficiently frightened by being called upon for their resignation, and that they may now be re-instated. The Committee ought to be at least as just as the law, which certainly does not take away a man's livelihood for an offence of this kind. We shall be glad to hear that they have reconsidered their decision.

The Rev. J. R. Strachan, Lintrathen, ex-Moderator of the Synod of Angus and Mearns, seems to be an exceptionally broad-minded Scottish minister. Reviewing, in his retiring address, the political and social field, he expressed his belief that there was a large measure of hypocrisy in blaming the publican for the evils of the liquor traffic. Then he gave the Legislature this nut to crack: Supposing a drunkard earned £1 a week and starved his wife and children on 5s. a week, is the State altogether blameless when it pockets in taxation, say, 10s. out of that 15s.? "I don't think so," said he, "unless it finds means to restore the half-sovereign in great part by mitigating the lot of the suffering wife and children." This is, of course, the way any broad-minded man who can free himself from the clutch of the political party machine must regard the question. The Legislature first of all looks upon the manufacture and sale of drink as an iniquity, and then takes ever-increasing dividends out of it in the shape of taxes, with the one hand while it harasses the respectable publican in every conceivable way with the other.

An extraordinary instance of the arbitrary exercise of police powers is that which involved the conduct of Sub-Divisional Inspector Sly, of the Metropolitan Police, sued for damages in the King's Bench. Mr. Sly appears to have been in possession of a newspaper shop in Upton Park in virtue of a warrant taken out under the Betting Act, the allegation being that the premises were used for betting purposes. Up comes a Manor Park gentleman one morning, selects a newspaper, and hands over the money to the man behind the counter. This man, a police officer in plain clothes, promptly insisted that the customer should enter and see the inspector concealed inside. Wonderingly entering, he was informed by the inspector that he "would be arrested for being found on premises alleged to be a betting house," and was thereupon led to the police station by a plain-clothes officer, "who took him by the arm." At the police station he was charged and then released. Prosecuted the next day at the police court for the alleged offence, he was discharged. He recovered £80 and costs against Mr. Sly for malicious prosecution, but the judge entered judgment for defendant on the question of illegal arrest, presumably holding that the Inspector merely acted within the terms of his warrant. One of these days, therefore, some of us may find ourselves legally run in by a Metropolitan policeman for simply buying a newspaper at our regular shop. It is a pleasant prospect.

Counsel at the inquiry into the loss of the *Thistlemor*, in Bideford Bay, confirmed our recent comment that it is no part of the duty of a coastguard to watch for ships—only for smugglers. On the other hand, there is no obligation upon the Lifeboat Institution to do so. So it comes to this: The nation has no service of coast-watchers at all, and there can be no doubt that many lives are lost and many others put in peril by this grave neglect of a national duty. Oh, for that Business Government!

Sir Gilbert Parker will have it that "it is never safe to criticise a judge because it is possible that some day he will have the chance to make his judgment convince you." Equally he may have the chance to make his judgment not convince you; which would confirm your opinion that he wasn't a good judge. In our case, necessary criticism of a judge is not withheld for fear we may subsequently meet his lordship in the musty purlieus of the law. Until the House of Lords has done with you, there are always judges waiting to become conscious of the imperfections of their learned brethren; and if, after all, you don't get justice while you are alive, there is still one last remaining chance of getting it after you are dead.

The makers of false gods, at Birmingham and elsewhere, do not profit invariably by their art. Miss Pretz, the originator of the wicked-looking Billiken, so prominent in the shop windows during the past year, has been brought anything but good luck by her ingenuity in the creation of "The God of Things as they Ought To Be." True, she has drawn 30s. a week from the firm that has manufactured these *objets d'art* and superstition; but misfortune more than outbalancing this sum has fallen on her family since she built the first Billiken. By the way, who is the "well-known journalist" that, in the words of the scribes, "carries a porcine fetish on his watch-chain," and "every morning rubs its snout" that luck may come to him during the day? It can hardly be the vegetarian G.B.S., or the truly devout G.K.C. Dagonet sounds possible and Jim Crow appropriate. Mr. Cecil Raleigh has a fine collection of pigs from all parts of the world. But he knew better than to remain merely a "well-known journalist."

Dr. S. Ashley Smith and Mr. S. Haddock, Bilston magistrates, have sentenced a man to three months in gaol for sleeping out. Dr. Smith said "the record of prisoner proved that he did not like work, but that he did like Stafford Gaol, so he would go there again for three months." What exactly the "record" of prisoner is the reporter does not state; therefore we are unaware whether or not Dr. Smith divulged it. In any case, why this heavy sentence? Was he given three months for sleeping out of gaol in order to punish him for those offences for which he had previously suffered by sleeping in?

There is a fortune for the dressmaker who first invents something really tasty, but not too much so, in the way of an aeroplaning skirt. It will, doubtless, come in time. Meanwhile, the flying mania has been responsible for a new colour or tint called "aeroplane green." Judged by the description, the title is not too appropriate; for the new green is "dull," which is the last word we should apply to the sport from which it takes its name. "Aeroplane green" ought to be something a bit rapid—a dazzling as well as a fast colour, suggestive of meteors and things. Another new colour is labelled with the French word for "cock-a-doodle-do." It is mulberry in tint, and we imagine it will appeal strongly to the Half-world. A third colour is "passiflore"; this ought to be popular with the more elderly ladies of the same circle.

A firm of manufacturers has received the following letter:—

Ingram House,
165, Fenchurch Street,
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Are you open to an arrangement to secure you a very large additional turnover with powerful medical recommendation of your goods? You can secure large advertisements in a series of popular periodicals, one of which has a sale of over 120,000 weekly, and the special support of a powerful group of medical men who are interested in the Company owning these periodicals, and starting a new medical serial. A special new trade of many thousands of pounds annually can thus be secured to you on the most liberal terms. You would be required to take a few shares in the Company, for which you would be allowed special advertising terms, which would practically mean eating your cake and keeping it. On hearing from you I shall be glad to go into details.

Yours truly,
Wm. Bailey.

Doctors who recommend goods in such a way—particularly as they would appear to have a pecuniary interest in the periodicals which are to advertise them—should be reported to the Medical Council. Can anybody give us any information regarding Mr. Bailey?

It is the allegation of the author of a public examination Spelling Key that "not five per cent. of educated Englishmen can spell the simple word 'repellent.'" If that be true, the educated Englishman who can spell other "simple" English words we could name—"parallel," for instance—must be rather difficult to find. Not a few well-known authors and journalists would do rather badly in a Spelling Bee if left to their own unaided memories and imaginations; but, then, they have a way out which the ordinary "educated Englishman" has not; they can—and do—chuck the responsibility on to the learned compositor and the brilliant printer's reader. Anyhow, this is a free country, and our own view is that we should all spell as we please.

Let us hasten to congratulate Mr. J. Rawlings, of Richmond, Surrey, on the fact that though he has fallen 60 ft. over a cliff near Salcombe, none of his bones are broken. Looks almost like another fall in rubber.

Can anyone tell us exactly what the Royal Gardens' staff, at Kew, is supposed to do—not the actual gardeners, but the more highly paid gentry who abound there? The gardeners, of course, make some very fine effects in flowers and foliage, and we are thankful accordingly. The others appear to write and edit many works on gardening topics for enterprising publishers. Are they supposed to do anything else for a living? Our inquiries are prompted by a journalistic friend, who himself writes occasionally on horticultural topics. Recently various readers of one of the journals with which he is associated asked him to name for them certain flowers and leaves. They were from wild plants and trees; and our friend, to make assurance doubly sure, sent them with a courteous letter and a stamped addressed envelope for reply to the Curator of Kew, asking him to be so good as to confirm or correct the description. By return of post a curt *printed* intimation was received that the Kew staff is too busy for this sort of thing. Civility costs nothing; but incivility from Kew costs the taxpayer one way and another quite a lot of money. And it was absolutely inexcusable in this case. Our friend contrasts the rank discourtesy of Kew with the unfailing courtesy of the Board of Agriculture, the Royal Horticultural Society's staff, and the curators of various foreign institutions of the same order.

Our physicians, or those of them who talk and write, seem to be almost entirely lacking in the logical faculty and the scientific spirit. They see a single fact and they forget all others, and they proceed to mould that fact into a startling theory. Thus, so much neat alcohol squirted into the eye of a rabbit will make it blink. Beer contains alcohol. Therefore one half pint of beer poured into the human stomach will induce colour blindness, or rickets, or glanders, or something. When we are all rabbits (as Mark Twain pointed out years ago when remonstrated with for smoking, because Bunny dies under nicotine) such arguments will apply. A certain Dr. Black is badly troubled with the medical obliquity of this kind. He is a vegetarian and wants to frighten people off meat by talk of cancer. In vegetarian countries, he says, cancer is nothing like so bad as here. Perhaps; but other diseases are worse. Neither fact has anything whatever to do with the case. The African nigger eats things we do not eat: and he has sleeping sickness. Therefore sleeping sickness comes from what he eats. But it simply does not, or all who eat the same things would have it. Which they do not. Why will doctors drivel?

Gradually, we are pleased to note, many of the proposals made in these columns in the direction of common-sense politics are forcing their way into public discussion, although, like most sensible suggestions of all kinds, they are meeting with absurd opposition from some of the people who ought to support them most heartily. We refer, for the moment, to our contention that the later years of children at school should be devoted partly to technical instruction and partly to military training. We believe that only by this method can we generate the enthusiasm for national defence and the general knowledge of arms that are essential if we are to avoid conscription. Our view has now been supported by the Incorporated Association of Headmasters. True, eight headmasters, imbued with the out-of-date nonsense concerning the creation of Jingo militarist feeling, disagreed, but 67 headmasters voted for the training, or if not quite that, they voted against a resolution condemning it. We are getting on.

It has again been decided that your beer is to cost you more. Mr. Lloyd George raises the glass to you.

It is an awkward thing at times to be a humorist. M. Marcel Prevost is one. He has been tickled by the ridiculous indictments of "the drink," framed by teetotal and allied censors. Therefore he has written an article proving in the well-known fashion of these folk that wine is "the water of life," that water is a horrible and deadly fluid, and mineral water a short cut to perdition. If you want to die of consumption, says M. Prevost, then drink plenty of water. If you prefer disease by way of neurasthenia, then libate on minerals, and plenty of them. It is excellent fooling, and not one whit more preposterous than the diatribes of the Holy Whittaker and his tribe. The fact is that wine suits some people, beer others, whisky others, and water, pure or fizzy, others still. No doubt excessive indulgence in alcoholics does cause, or encourage, insanity in some cases, and poverty in many. But the moderate man generally is as healthy as, and happier and pleasanter to meet than, the abstainer. The ferocity of the attacks on M. Prevost are a further evidence, if any were needed, that the pump is not usually on terms with a keen sense of humour.

The hypersensitiveness of actors is tiresome. One of them has been writing an anonymous letter to the *Era*, complaining that he was not sufficiently appreciated when playing "a leading part" at Cambridge, "in a play which was admitted by their own 'Varsity paper to be among the best which had visited their town." This encomium, of course, proves nothing, for even 'Varsity papers cringe for theatrical advertisements. The point is that the audience thought the play bad. An audience has to pay for admission and ought, therefore, to enjoy ample facilities for the expression of disappointment. The anonymous mummer makes chief lamentation over the fact that, when one character said to another, "I can see you are a gentleman," there were shouts of ribald laughter. "These young bloods," he observes with a fine sneer, "seemed to consider it a most amusing thing that an actor could be (? considered) a gentleman." It does not occur to the wrathful one that the particular mummer may not have been made up to look like one. Nor does he remember that, while solicitors are gentlemen by Act of Parliament, strolling players are rogues and vagabonds in law.

Most of our educational authorities are adepts in the noble art of wrangling about how not to do it, rather than in the more immediately desirable one of seeing that it is done as well as may be. No one whose business takes him by our elementary schools regularly can labour under the delusion that all the youngsters are well fed: many of them plainly are very much underfed. Whatever we may decide to do to neglectful parents, obviously the most economical thing for the community to do is to fill the bellies of these young citizens with something more substantial than London fog. But table-cloths, it would appear, present themselves as more urgent matters to certain of the members of the committee. It is well, of course, that children should have table-cloths, but it is better that they should have well-lined stomachs. Many of them may have to do without table-cloths in after life, and will not miss them. A well-scrubbed table will serve just as well at a pinch. But they will have no after-life worth speaking of, unless they are fed now.

The following advertisement has appeared in the *Drogheda Argus*:—

> NOTICE TO FARMERS.—For sale, an ass capable of digging three barrels of spuds inside of five minutes; can be highly recommended.—Apply to Edward Farrell, Mell.

The asses in Ireland are apparently much greater even than John Bull as described by Byron. We must really buy this one.

A large number of the Parliamentary Labour Party have again gone to Germany, not, we understand, in search of health or fun, but in order to investigate industrial conditions there under protective tariffs, and to "report thereon." We know the tenor of that report already—they will return as they went, Free Traders to a man. After all, there is no reason why the labour representatives should not have an illuminating intellectual holiday in Germany, just as the Tariff Reform working men are having. Each will tell the truth—*based on what they have seen.*

What do you think of the John Bull Coal Club? Not a bad idea, is it?

The latest according to Ure: "You may think me a sanguine man, but I tell you I believe that the House of Lords will pass the Veto resolutions. . . . My only objection to the Peers is that they represent nobody, and I have no control over them." Let the only objection of the Lord Advocate be immediately removed. Let us straighten out this bloodthirsty revolution of a maddened people by placing the House of Lords under the Lord Advocate's control. As regards his prediction that it will pass the Veto—well, let it stand at that!

The *Times* has taken Mr. Keir Hardie's announcement that "loyalty to the Throne is a great superstition, which is very advantageous to the ruling powers, but which tends to blind the people to their own best interests," a great deal too seriously. To get people who really should know better to discuss Keir's utterances is one of the vainest of his earthly pleasures. He is the sincerest humbug in Parliament. He humbugs even himself.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

In one of the American States, last week, a man lost a nullity suit and an affiliation case on one and the same day.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE STIGGINSES WHO ARE SO HORRIFIED AT THE AWFUL PROSPECT OF "MIXED BATHING" BEING ALLOWED AT BATHS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!
OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.
WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For stating in its report of an English police-court charge that accused "had been employed at the bank for 285 years and had the confidence of his superiors,"

THE VANCOUVER WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "A Treat at the Gem To-night. 'A MOTHER'S HEART'*—1,000 feet long,"*

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE ST. JOHN GLOBE*
(NEW BRUNSWICK)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Duke of Portland "has been protesting against the export of worn-out HOUSES *to the Continent,"*

THE YORK STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a garage as "Probably the LARGEST *building of* ITS SIZE *in the world,"*

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The French authorities recently prohibited kissing at railway stations on account of its interference with the punctual starting of RAINS,"

T.P.'S WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to "The Durham County Advertiser") that "the evidence had certainly shown the dog to be vicious, and they (the Bench) suggested that when UNACCOMPANIED *in the street it must be muzzled or kept on a* LEADER,"

MR. J. IMRIE, J.P. (Chairman of the Durham City Bench of Magistrates),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in their advertisements: "Sound Logic: No man can sell at cost price WITHOUT *profit to himself,"*

MESSRS. MONK BROTHERS (19, Exchequer Street, Dublin)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mme. Tetrazzini was "in her usual sparkling mood, talking and LAUGHING *in French, Italian and English,"*

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Bishops of Durham and Ripon have each written a special hymn, and the FORMER *has been set to music,"*

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a BOXING COMPETITION *under the heading of "Musical and Dramatic Notes,"*

THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the owner of a carved oak Jacobean CABINET *"used it as a cow-pen, poultry run, and rick-yard before anything approaching its true worth got noised abroad,"*

THE DAILY GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Dr. Boulle CLIMBED *a ladder to the* BOTTOM *of his house when it was on fire,"*

LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the death of a CRIMEAN *veteran and pensioner, "his age being* TWELVE,"

THE EXPRESS AND ECHO (EXETER)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To His Majesty King George V., Britt. Omn. Rex, Ind. Imp.

Sire,—You come to the throne in the hour not only of a great national sorrow, but of a great national catastrophe. You follow your father, the most renowned and the most honoured of kings. It is a difficult path you have to tread, but it leads straight to the hearts of a loyal and devoted people, and your Majesty will have to win your way at every step. The nation knows little of you. Your capacities are untried in the searching glare of a splendid responsibility; and I should not be sincere if I pretended that your Majesty's popularity is yet to be compared with that enjoyed by his late Majesty King Edward. To an extent you have been eclipsed by his rare qualities. His magnetic personality, his concentration of mind, his clear purpose, his unflagging energy, so largely occupied the sphere of Royal labour that as Prince of Wales there was left to you but a contracted field for the development of your own public character.

Opportunity often makes the great man, Sire. In your Majesty's case it may make the great King. It may be that in the fulfilment of your high office—"the noblest office upon earth," as Tennyson conceived it—you will surprise and delight and win us all by the revelation of qualities unsuspected, because hitherto unawakened to a supreme and imperative mission. The doors of our hearts and minds are open for you; our loyalty, our respect, and our sympathy you have already. King and subject are touched to tears by a common woe. Let the years prove they are touched to rejoicing by a common devotion—that of Great Britain and its King and his Empire beyond the seas. John Bull.

To the Dowager Queen Alexandra, Buckingham Palace.

Madame,—My readers in all parts of the world are with you in the porch of the sanctuary of your sorrow. Great as is your loss, we claim the sad privilege of sharing it. Let memory comfort and time console, remembering that "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

You, Madame, still have a great mission amongst us—to show us, and all the world, the spectacle of a noble woman stricken in grief, but a pattern of resignation, of sweetness and of love. God be with you.

John Bull.

To Lord Mersey of Toxteth, London.

Dear Lord,—The subject of the present law of libel as it affects newspapers is one of the sorest which can be mentioned to the average newspaper proprietor. It keeps him in a hot sweat all the day and a cold sweat most of the night; and therefore I am sure he will thank you from the bottom of his palpitating heart for what you said to the Newspaper Society the other evening. It is not as easy to conduct a fearless-speaking journal as it is to poke one's neighbour's fire, my lord; it only appears so. Some of your old colleagues of the Bench have so frightened newspaper proprietors by their dicta and their denunciation that many of them dare not even speak disrespectfully of a black-beetle. The result is that hundreds of scoundrels known to be trading on human credulity escape exposure.

Your lordship spoke of some libel actions against newspapers being systematised blackmail. Does your lordship know that there is a species of law shark in London whose sole occupation is to search papers with the object of subsequently inducing people to commence libel actions on the chance of winning damages and being free, or all but free, of the costs if they lose? As for libel actions with legitimate cause, it is not too much to say that probably most of them could be privately settled on a fair basis if the grievances were not swollen to colossal proportions in the offices of the legal profession. I agree with your lordship that "if upon proper material brought to the notice of the judge at the commencement of an action a case can be made out for ordering a plaintiff to find security for costs it would be a very good thing." At present the speculative lawyer and the blackmailing plaintiff have all the best of the law between them. Any assistance your lordship can give in your new capacity as legislator in the adjustment of the law of libel as it unfairly affects the public press I shall gladly receive and carefully consider.

But just one word more. I do not seem to recall that your lordship was quite so outspoken on the subject whilst you were on the Bench. Why was that? John Bull.

To the Hon. Francis Lascelles, Towe House, Newton Ferrers.

Dear Scion,—I am much concerned to learn that you have been fined by a Bench of ridiculous justices at Ivybridge Petty Sessions for repeating what the Duke of Wellington is alleged to have said at the Battle of Waterloo. The only difference, so far as I can see, is that while the noble Duke said he didn't care a twopenny damn, the damn you used on the King's highway at Newton Ferrers was of the face value of £1 and costs. I therefore take it that in the opinion of the gentlemen who convicted you, the laws of your country discriminate between the King's highway and the House of Lords. In the House of Lords you may damn anything—even the consequences.

As I recall the case, a carriage containing the wife of a Dr. Langworthy got entangled with yourself and your bicycle in the course of your common earthly progress, and you emerged from under the carriage wheels with one of your ears almost torn off, your collar-bone broken, your knee bruised, and with blood streaming down your face. Then it was that the lady suggested you should see Dr. Langworthy, and at this crisis you certainly damned somebody or something; in your lacerated and bleeding condition you are not quite clear whom or what. In any case, I regard it as the most innocuous and excusable damn in the whole evolution of English speech—from Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women" to the *Quicunque Vult*, beloved of bishops, priests and deacons and all congregations committed to their charge. You are therefore assured of my poignant sympathy. As for the magistrates, they are, at the best, damned with faint praise. John Bull.

To Justin Huntly McCarthy, Esq., Novelist and Playwright, Authors' Club, London.

Dear Mr. McCarthy,—A correspondent tells me he is much puzzled about certain literary matters in which I daresay you will be interested. He informs me that he read as a youth forty years ago a translation from the French of a romance entitled "The Duke's Motto," the author being one Paul de Feval, well-known then as a French writer. This "Duke's Motto" was dramatised at the Lyceum, where the great Fechter played the part of the hero, Henri de Lagardère. Not long ago, my dear McCarthy, you yourself published a book also entitled "The Duke's Motto," and my correspondent, now reading it for the sake of curiosity, finds that your work and that of Paul de Feval's are almost identical in names, incidents, and characters. The one trivial difference is in parts of the dialogue, and a few of the incidents related by Monsieur Feval are omitted by you. I am informed that your English "Duke's Motto"—I have not read it—contains, for some reason or other, a preface in French written over your name, in which you mention that you created the character of Lagardère for Mr. Lewis Waller, who also produced a "Duke's Motto" and performed the part played by Fechter 40 years ago.

As I have told you, my dear Mr. McCarthy, I know nothing of the alleged facts, wherefore I shall be glad if you will take me into your confidence and solve the mystery not only that I may bring peace to the troubled mind of this puzzled antiquarian, but also for the benefit of the multitude of historians who interest themselves in the curious coincidences of literary genius. John Bull.

To Provost Kirkland, Irvine, Scotland.

Dear Provost,—You must join the John Bull League. Most heartily do I agree with you that The M'Kelvie's proposal in the Irvine Town Council forbidding football being played on the Moor on Sunday was a "hypocritical thing." What had raised The M'Kelvie's hair was the sight of artillerymen playing on a Sunday afternoon with their officers watching, and he demanded they should be made to understand they were in Scotland, on ground belonging to a Scottish burgh, and that they would have to respect the Scottish Sabbath. As you cogently put it, "some of the people of the town work from Monday morning to Saturday night and have no time for games, while the ministers go down and play golf the whole week and work on Sundays." Unfortunately the M'Kelvies are a majority in Scotland, and they carried the day in Irvine. You have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that a large number of your fellow townsmen agree with the stand you made against the pharisaical prohibition. I notice Councillor Murchie talked about Scotland being the Land of Bibles. This is the sort of cant which induces bilious attacks. John Bull.

NURSING HOMES OR ——?

RIGID INSPECTION WANTED.

By a Nurse.

For the sake of the great general public the time has come when it is imperative that the question as to the respectability or otherwise of many West End Nursing Homes should be thrashed out. If members of the medical profession prefer to ignore the fact that many of the Homes to which they send their patients, male and female, are, as I am in a position to prove, little better than brothels, it is high time they were compelled to realise that the revelations withheld on their part will become the duty of others. Were nurses more co-operative in spirit they would have combined long ago to demand inspection and registration of Nursing Homes and so prevent the foulest blot on a long-suffering and most hard-worked body from being perpetuated.

Mortality Amongst Nurses.

Hardly a family in Great Britain to-day is without a cousin, a sister, or an aunt member of the noble profession of nursing. Yet is that profession so disorganised that the members, numbering their thousands—and with more influence, if they could realise it, than any other body of women in the country—are unable to insist on a Bill for State Registration opposed merely by a tiny but determined group, who see in such a measure a threat to their own hitherto despotic control of nursing affairs. So chaos reigns supreme—chaos so dreadful that the statistics of 15 metropolitan hospitals—unchallenged so far—show a *greater percentage of deaths among nurses than among any other body of working women in London.* Presumably, therefore, few of those who survive the Spartan discipline would pass the medical examination on completion of training that they had to undergo on entering upon it.

Innocent Suffer.

An unhealthy body is conducive to an unhealthy mind. If the life of a nurse, which is still more unnatural when she takes up "private" nursing, is such as to enervate both mind and body; if work is always too hard, pay nearly always too low, and rational amusement reduced almost to the level of the non-existent, it ought to be recognised as ridiculous to expect a high moral tone. That in spite of such conditions as I have shown among the vast body of professional nurses serious crime is practically unknown is a high tribute to the innate morality of womanhood in the face of direct incentive to the reverse. Their opportunities and temptations are perhaps unique. That because of bad conditions the less conscientious and the morally weak gain recreation at a fearful price can hardly be a matter for surprise; and it is on this weakness that the proprietors of certain Nursing Homes trade. Be that as it may, there is a growing feeling among well-to-do people against these institutions, and the volume of scandalous tales which roll forth whenever they are mentioned makes one's ears tingle even to think of.

The nurses, who after all are between the "devil and the deep sea," rightly or wrongly come in for most of the blame. On one hand are orders received from the doctor or surgeon in charge of the case, and on the other the impossibility of carrying them out without offending the susceptibilities of the proprietress or servants.

Boycotting the Genuine Nurse.

A patient suffering from delirium tremens in one Home attacked his night nurse and so frightened her that she left the following day. The one who took her place was informed by the doctor that the case was practically hopeless as the nurses had been unable to get him to take nourishment. With perseverance the newcomer succeeded in getting the patient to take enough nourishment during the first night to pull him round, thus seriously annoying the day nurse, who professed to doubt the facts. All other patients had been removed into the next house in consequence of this patient's noisiness, so, though the medical man had left orders that he was on no account to be left alone for a moment, the nurse had no alternative but to disobey them when anything was required for herself or her patient, or whistle to the basement for one of the maids to relieve her. This they naturally objected to, and finally removed the stopper from the whistle at the kitchen end, leaving the nurse with a dangerous patient completely cut off from aid of any kind whatever, and at the top of a high house. In consequence of this she complained to the proprietress and was dismissed the same night, having thus got on bad terms with her fellow nurse, the servants, and the proprietress in an earnest attempt to do her duty in a Nursing Home where not very long before a patient had committed suicide by throwing himself out of the window during the compulsory absence of his nurse.

Conditions of Work.

There are many cases of patients paying from 12 to 14 guineas weekly and only having the services of a nurse for an hour or so occasionally, her time being divided between two or three others, often in rooms on different floors. The nurse may consider herself fortunate if for 12 or 14 hours daily at this work, with no certainty of any off-duty time, she is paid at the rate of £26 to £30 per annum. When the Home is full she may have to give up her room, if she has one, and put up a makeshift bed wherever she can find a spare corner.

A West-End Den.

In one West End institution, which may or may not have been improved since the conditions mentioned became known (though the probability seems against it), there was no one in charge of a Home used exclusively for nursing, for whom there were about 25 or 30 beds available, under the sole control of two young girls under twenty years of age, who had previously been kitchen-maids. They did the work or left it, as they pleased, with no superintendence other than that exercised upon the telephone communicating from the Nursing Home over a mile away, from one month's end to another. The condition of filth which existed was unthinkable outside a slum dwelling. The nurses were only allowed a change of bed-linen once in three weeks (nothing unusual in such places, by the way), by which time it was doubtless hoped that nurse might have departed to her next case. This Home is known for the fact that in turn or out it was always the younger and prettier nurses who were if possible put on duty with or sent away to attend male patients, and the whole place is a hot-bed of scandal, bad management, and consequent notoriety.

Choosing the Nurse.

One well-known habitué would appear on the scenes at intervals, engage his favourite room for a fortnight for a "Rest Cure," *not* under medical instructions, and have a night and day nurse. The night nurse was always the youngest and prettiest available, and was always changed immediately if the "patient" did not find her suitable to his case.

From this house a nurse was sent to a man of well-known bestiality, and on her refusing to comply with his demands, even for the noble sum of five pounds, he threatened to write a bad character on her report sheet and said he had always had complaisant nurses from that Institute before—yet the proprietress declined to prosecute him.

With such histories as these one thing is certain, the innocent are bound to suffer with the guilty, and so the Nursing Home proprietress who honestly gives good work and good food in place of slap-dash methods and frozen meat and poultry—with extra charges for bottles of brandy, almost untouched, and bundles of dressings opened and only used perhaps once—finds herself more often than not swamped out in favour of those more glib of tongue who can always make a bad case appear good.

So bad in many cases is the management that a trained housekeeper rarely stops long under such chaotic rule, and many and various are the changes.

Rigid Inspection Necessary.

A young girl of twenty-two was recently in this capacity at a Nursing Home, but the supply of nurses having run short she was put into a uniform dress belonging to her sister, and was engaged in the same Home, and sent on night duty, with an operation case on the night following the operation, having had no previous experience in nursing whatever. The fate of her patient is perhaps, fortunately, unknown.

Looked at from any point of view it is borne in upon one that they ought to be suppressed or subjected to a rigid inspection, such as the self-respecting proprietors will gladly welcome as a measure of protection to themselves otherwise unobtainable.

[Many startling cases showing the way in which these so-called "Nursing Homes" are utilised are now being investigated, and we hope to be the means of opening the eyes of the public and of the authorities, to one of the gravest scandals of modern times.]

"THE ISLE OF WIGHT SCANDAL."

CONFIRMATION OF OUR EXPOSURES.

Referring to our article on this subject of a fortnight ago, one of our readers sends us a batch of correspondence he had with the President of the Local Government Board upon the occasion of the death of his little daughter, who had then just died at the Isolation Hospital. Our correspondent complained :—

(1) That the staff of the hospital was absurdly inadequate, consisting as it did of a nurse in charge and her husband.

(2) That the nurse was not competent.

(3) That the nurse in charge administered drugs not prescribed by the patient's medical adviser, and without his knowledge.

(4) That the hospital's medical man is resident upwards of two miles from the hospital.

Our correspondent's child died from heart failure after giving every indication some considerable time previously of the attack coming on, and yet "her mother and myself were left in ignorance of her dangerous state until after death had released her from her sufferings."

The President of the Board referred our correspondent's letter to the Managers of the Sandown and Shanklin Joint Hospital, and after a considerable correspondence our correspondent was informed by the Local Government Board that the Board had no responsibility for the management of the hospital in question, and no power to compel the Sandown and Shanklin Hospital Board to manage their infectious diseases hospital in a proper manner. "The legislature," writes the assistant secretary, "has not conferred upon them (the Board) any power of control over the Joint Hospital Board in the equipment and management of their hospital." And in reply to a further enquiry of our correspondent as to "whether the Sandown and Shanklin Joint Hospital Board can go on neglecting their patients without hindrance from any Government department," the assistant secretary writes: "No Government department has any power over the Sandown and Shanklin Joint Hospital Board in regard to the equipment and management of their hospital."

"THE UNPROTECTED FROG."

HOW HE IS BROUGHT INTO "CAPTIVITY."

In our issue of the 30th ult., we directed attention to the case of a boy tried at Highgate for cruelty to a frog. We asked under what Act the N.S.P.C.A. took action against him. We have since received the following letter from the Chairman of the Bench who dealt with the case :—

Your remarks as to "The Unprotected Frog" have been brought to my notice, and I should like to say, I am fully aware of the law upon the subject, and having held that the frog in this instance *was* in a state of captivity, dealt with the case accordingly. The frog was already held captive by some boys when the defendant committed the offence.

It is a constant source of regret to me, as Chairman of one of the largest Benches in the country, that for certain offences I have not the power to order a flogging, and as I knew I had *not* that power, I ventured to hope the parents would do what I could not order them to do. This advice was accepted in the same spirit (without resentment) I invariably find it is received. Had the officer pressed for a fine, I should have felt bound to inflict one, but having impressed upon the boy the cruelty he had been guilty of, I dismissed the case upon payment of the costs. I considered, therefore, I had done what I could to protect the poor frog.

BIRMINGHAM AVIATION MEETING.

A WORD OF WARNING.

We notice that on May 4th, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham presided at a meeting to make arrangements for an aviation meeting at Dunstall Park, Wolverhampton, to be held from June 27 to July 2, and to be controlled by the Midland Aero Club. The financial risk and profits are to be taken by a syndicate, with liability limited to 5,000 £1 shares. It is upon this point of limitation of financial responsibility that it may be useful to say a word. As it seems probable that the syndicate who are thus protecting themselves (and are also, we presume, entitled to any profits that may be made) will incur obligations running into many thousands, and as it is clear that the whole scheme is something of a speculation, we think a word of warning to contractors and others may not be out of place.

"THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY CO. AND ITS EMPLOYEES."

"JOHN BULL" SCORES AGAIN.

In our issue of April 23rd, we directed attention to the complaint of Mr. Ralph Shackleton, until recently in the employment of the above company at Hawick Station.

Mr. Shackleton's complaint was that having had to retire from the service of the company through illness he was entitled not only to the return of the sums he had paid to the Superannuation Fund, but also to interest at the rate of 4 per cent., and we demonstrated, by quoting Clause 1, Rule 7, that his contention was sound. The Secretary, however, contended that this ruling did not apply to Mr. Shackleton, and refused to pay him the interest claimed. Upon this we wrote :—

> The secretary of the Fund has deliberately broken Clause 1, Rule 7, and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Shackleton could recover in a Court of Law. We cannot believe that the directors of the North British would approve the position taken up by the secretary of their Superannuation Fund in this matter.

We have now received a further letter from Mr. Shackleton, who informs us that through the publicity given to the matter by us the interest claimed has been paid him. And he forwards us a letter from the Secretary, which is dated April 29th, and runs as follows :—

> Referring to your letter of the 26th ult., in case I may have been doing you an injustice, I submitted the matter to our solicitor, who advises me that in his opinion you are entitled to interest under the first paragraph of Rule 7. That being so, I have much pleasure in sending you a supplementary repayment note for the amount. I am sorry there should have been any misapprehension on my part.

All's well that end's well! We cannot understand how the Secretary could have misread a paragraph which states in the clearest language that in the circumstances as they affected Mr. Shackleton interest was due, but we are glad to know that our representations induced him to consult the company's legal adviser, and to obtain from him a confirmation of our opinion. It is to be regretted that the solicitor was not consulted earlier.

INSURANCE PROFITS AND EMPLOYEES.

A WORD WITH THE LONDON AND GLOBE.

We take the following from the report of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., as published in the *Daily Telegraph* of April 30th :—

> The profit and loss account with the addition of fire and accident profits above referred to as having been carried to it, and of the interest earned on the funds other than those of the life and accident departments, after deducting the amounts paid for the Globe 6 per cent. perpetual annuities for 1909, leaves a balance of £1,270,647. Out of this amount £100,000 has been carried to general reserve fund, which now stands at £1,600,000. It is proposed, out of the remaining balance of £1,170,647, to pay on each £2 of stock, a dividend of 35s. on account of the fire and accident departments, and 3s. out of the life profits earned at the end of the last Quinquenninm carried for this purpose to this account, making in all 38s. free of income-tax, leaving a balance at credit of £937,289.

It will be seen that this great insurance company continues to make enormous profits, and we are a little surprised to hear that the management of its London branch has deemed it necessary during the past fortnight to notify its London staff that in future no refreshment money will be paid. Hitherto men working three hours' overtime, *i.e.*, from 4.30 to 7.30, have received 1s. 6d. In future, when working overtime, they will be the price of their tea out of pocket. Some departments, as we are informed, average nearly five months' overtime per annum.

THE GUARDS AND THEIR MESS.

With reference to the mess contractor referred to in our last issue, who is an undischarged bankrupt, and ran into debt for a considerable sum at Winchcombe during the time the Guards' Brigade was in camp there, we learn that criminal proceedings against the caterer are in contemplation for obtaining credit to the extent of £20, or upwards, without telling creditors he was an undischarged bankrupt.

"JOHN BULL" WINS ANOTHER LIBEL ACTION.

JURY FINDS A VERDICT FOR "JOHN BULL" IN THE ACTION BROUGHT BY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY'S SOLICITOR FOR LIBEL.

A few weeks ago we reported the proceedings instituted against the Editor of this journal by Mr. Julius Beardall, the Solicitor to the National Cash Register Company, in respect of an alleged Contempt of Court. It will be remembered that in the course of those proceedings Mr. Bottomley contended that their object was to discredit, by a side issue, the criticisms which have from time to time been applied by us to the affairs of the National Cash Register Company—which criticisms we are now compelled to suspend, a Writ for Libel having at length been issued. Following these Contempt proceedings came the trial of an action brought by Mr. Beardall against this journal and the Editor for alleged libel, contained in the following paragraph in our issue of July 17th last :—

> Mr. Patterson and Mr. Palmer seem to be getting a little uneasy as to the pending actions against the Company. Mr. F. C. Sibbald was one of its agents when in December last he was summarily discharged without compensation. He made a claim for it, which they repudiated, but just recently they heard that he was to be called as a witness by a hotel proprietor, whereupon their solicitors approached him and offered him the £80 he had previously been refused for the purpose of going to America. So anxious were they that he should leave, that Mr. Beardall, of Messrs. Beardall and Co., solicitors to the National Cash Register Company, actually got the steamer tickets for him and his wife and two children, handing him the balance of the £80 in cash.

The case came before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury on Monday and Tuesday of last week—the plaintiff being represented by Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., and Mr. A. Profumo ; Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Joseph appearing for John Bull, Limited ; Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., and Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M.P., for the Printers and Publishers ; whilst Mr. Bottomley conducted his own defence.

Mr. Bottomley again contended that this was another attempt to avoid a straightforward fight between the National Cash Register Company and JOHN BULL. He submitted that when the paragraph originally appeared it bore no other meaning than that Mr. Beardall had foolishly and perhaps thoughtlessly allowed himself to be the instrument in carrying out an improper arrangement for the purpose of getting out of the country a person who might be a material witness in litigation against the National Cash Register Co., although as the case had developed and he had had access to various documents and had seen the plaintiff in the Box, he was prepared to face the consequences of any meaning which Mr. Beardall might attach to the words, assuming the jury came to the conclusion that they constituted a libel upon him. Mr. Bottomley commented in severe terms upon the action of the Cash Register Directors, of whom Mr. Beardall was one, in trying to get up a criminal prosecution in respect of anything except the articles which had been published in JOHN BULL—which, if untrue, would render him liable to criminal proceedings, and he asked the jury to say that, taking a broad view of the facts of the case, JOHN BULL had once more done its duty.

Mr. Hemmerde and Mr. Joseph submitted, on behalf of their respective clients, that the article was no libel upon Mr. Beardall, and that any charges it contained were directed against Messrs. Patterson and Palmer, as the active Directors of the Company.

Mr. Justice Darling summed up strongly in favour of the plaintiff, suggesting that the National Cash Register Company could have no object in getting Mr. Sibbald out of the country, as they would be the people who would require his evidence in any litigation, and impressing upon the jury the serious character, as against a solicitor, of a charge that he had been a party to spiriting away a person whose evidence might be required in a Court of Law. He left it to them to say :—

(1) Whether the paragraph complained of constituted a libel upon Mr. Beardall ;
(2) If so, was it true, and
(3) If not, what damages he was entitled to.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendants, finding that there was no libel upon Mr. Beardall.

BRISTOL CORPORATION OFFICIALS AS DISCOUNT TOUTERS.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCULAR TO LOCAL TRADESMEN.

A word or two with the Bristol Corporation. During the last few weeks a circular has been issued to tradesmen in the town by officials in the service of the Corporation who have formed themselves into a Municipal Officers' Association. To describe this circular as extraordinary is not an excess of epithet. The thing is amazing. "*In many important towns where a Municipal Officers' Association exists,*" *it says,* "*an arrangement is in force by which members of the Association are granted concessions on their purchases. We are desired by our committee to inquire whether you would be willing to make an allowance from the ordinary retail selling price on transactions with you, and if so, would you be good enough to state the extent of such allowances?*" The gross impropriety of this invitation is obvious. Why should any Bristol tradesman be asked by these Corporation officials to give them a special discount on their trading? Do the tradesmen receive special favours from them in their relations with the Corporation ? If they do not, are the officials justified in anticipating them as a matter of reciprocity ?

Members of the Corporation must see for themselves that there must be grave danger of these officials tampering with their public duties in the process of any such arrangement as that proposed, and that it opens the door for certain tradesmen to exercise a corrupt influence, not only at the expense of other tradesmen, but also at the expense of the general body of the ratepayers. The Corporation may plead that the circular has been sent out, and that the suggested arrangements for discount would be made, not by their officials in their capacity as servants of the Corporation and servants of the ratepayers, but as an outside association with which they have no right to interfere. That soap, if used, will not wash. They cannot separate the association as a body in regard to this discount-begging circular from their officials who are touting as a body for the discount because they *are* officials. It may even be said they assert their claim to it because they are officials. In his private capacity not one of them would dare to write to his butcher or his baker, or his cobbler, or his tinker, or his greengrocer, or his provision merchant from his own house—"Dear Sir,—In supplying my orders please knock ten per cent. off the retail prices you are charging my neighbour, who is an ordinary Jones, or I shall have to deal somewhere else." In that event Mr. Official would probably be told in the language of diplomatic commerce to go to Jerusalem, or Jericho, or Hades. He would not have the temerity, the impudence, to dispatch his wife or his cook to a man of provisions to demand two pounds of one-and-twopenny bacon for nine-three-farthings, or two shillings' worth of new-laid eggs for one-and-three.

Regarded in any way possible, this circular is incapable of defence. Supposing some large shop-owning ratepayers of Bristol start giving a ten per cent. discount, what does any member of the Corporation imagine will be the mental process by which they will come to their decision ? It is as obvious as the microbic breaking up of old cheddar. "Oh," they will soliloquise, "I had better do it ; it may do me a bit of good. If I don't, it may do me a deal of harm ; they may mark me and harass me in a hundred ways. I may never get any contracts, for instance ; they have a way of working the chances for or against one, such people. Yes, I had better give them ten per cent." And who, indeed, can tell how that ten per cent. will react on the officials themselves ? From the tradesman's point of view it is a sort of bribery by invitation ; from the public point of view it is perilously suggestive of corruption by suggestion ; from the Corporation's point of view—well, what *is* their point of view ? That is what we claim the right to ask, and that is what we trust they will not hesitate to answer. It is as clear as water what the answer should be. The point of view of the Corporation, as the representatives of Bristol ratepayers and as the guardians of clean, unsuspected public service, is that this circular is flagrantly improper, that their officials have laid themselves open to grave censure for issuing it, and that they trust all tradesmen who have received it will treat it with the contempt it merits.

INSPIRATION.

By Gurner Gillman.

The Child lay dead on the bed. The Woman knelt by the bedside. Her form from time to time was shaken with a convulsive sob. The Poet stood by the open window, and watched.

The western heavens were in a molten glory of crimson, and purple, and gold. The last rays of the setting sun shone in the room, and lingered around the recumbent figure on the bed, investing the sleeping child with a halo of golden light. Without the birds chanted their evensong, and from copse and thicket there issued a stream of melody that blended in subtle and mysterious harmonies with the sound of a distant church bell ringing the Angelus.

The moment was full of sublime suggestion; a fresh inspiration blazed in the eyes of the Poet, and glowed in his brain, as the magic of the moment cast a spell about his soul.

He was picturesque himself, sombre in face, and in spirit, and in complete harmony with his surroundings. His black hair of undue length was brushed carelessly back from his forehead, that all might see his intellectual brow; his eyes were black, deep-set and brilliant, and mirrored truly the varying emotions that vexed his soul. His features had a cold, chiselled beauty, and if his mouth was cruel and sensual, the defiant magnetism of the eyes bade one forget it.

He watched the scene, calmly, dispassionately. To be capable of detachment in such a moment was to be capable of observation. To him observation was as the breath of life, for not only could he observe what others merely saw, but to him had been given the lordship of language that he might set down for others those things which he knew. Already he had written words which had set hearts aflame; he had struck hard, and struck home, more than once. Praise, blame, love, hatred, and envy, had been his reward, and he was still unsated. He craved immortality. In life he wished to be so great as to know that in death he would be yet greater.

There were three cantos to the poem which was to set the seal on his fame. Two were completed, and he knew that they were good; they were as he had dreamed them; they were true. They were not the life of a distorted imagination; they were life as it is. He had not allowed sentiment to obscure his vision; he was too consummate an artist for that.

The Woman had been his first inspiration.

She loved him blindly as women do. He had not loved her. Had he done so everything would have appeared rose tinted, and his work would have suffered. As it was he could watch, and note, the phases of the passion, and then in glowing verse, of which he held the secret, set them down.

He demanded all. She gave him all.

The abandon of love, followed by the sacrifice of honour, had afforded him an unique opportunity for the study of human nature unveiled.

The chastity of love, and the unchastity of the body, were before him for purposes of comparison, and dissection. For a trained observer to err was impossible.

The difficulty of the coming child had vexed him at first. When, without the disturbing influence of the Woman, he had leisure to think it over, the matter assumed a new aspect, and he saw the glorious opportunity afforded him for a microscopic study of dawning maternity. The rapidly alternating throes of love, hate, hope, and despair that rent the soul of the Woman, were the grandest raw material for his artistic powers. Who else among poets had watched a woman at that supreme moment of her existence, and watched her calmly and dispassionately, not with the eye of a husband or a lover, but with that of an artist?

In the hour of her great agony, when she realised that honourable escape was not for her—when the secret of her body was hers no longer, and the vulgar marked with a sneer the promise of maternity—and the absence of wife-hood—he, calm and cold as ever, had watched, and studied and noted.

And the first and second cantos were finished, and the third begun, and it was all as he had dreamed that it would be, humanity in blank verse.

He crossed the room and laid red roses on the breast of the dead child; their presence marred the melody in his brain the situation had evoked. He replaced the red roses with white lilies, and the melody flowed on.

On the tablets of his memory he inscribed every detail of all he saw and heard. The placid expression of sleep on the face of the dead; the abandonment of the Woman; the flowers upon the bed; the furniture of the room, and its appearance in the fading lights; the sweet sound of the distant bell; the good night chorus of the birds.

He absorbed everything that he might reproduce it, clothe it with the glory of stately diction and rhythmic verse. The sobs of the Woman ceased.

Vaguely it vexed him that her grief should have spent itself. The sobs were a fitting accompaniment to the minor melody that was echoing in his soul; silence was a discord.

He placed his hand upon her shoulder.

She made no sign, nor stirred. A terror, undefinable, enveloped his soul. Upon his brow gathered beads of perspiration; his pulses quickened; his cheeks paled. His dreams had taken to themselves a grim reality. Tragedy had been but a vision with him, a trick of the imagination, to which he could give a poetic setting. From great critics, and simple-hearted men, and women, he had wrung a tribute of tears. And he had laughed in secret at the jest his gift enabled him to play upon them. What he could make others to feel he could not feel himself. He could imagine, and paint; he could not understand, and know. And now he both understood and knew. This was Tragedy. The last word had been written on a human manuscript. And the last word completed the story, and raised the tale from one of simple pathos to the dignity of a great tragedy.

"Yes!" he muttered, in a tone of fearfulness, for in learning he feared: "This is tragedy!"

Without demonstration he knew that the Woman had gone to seek her child.

Terror mastered him. He fled the place, fled blindly. And for many months he wrote no word.

Slowly his instincts returned to him. Little by little he saw the drama of it all. His opportunity demanded its artistic reward. He had seen the breaking of a woman's heart, and had done nothing. Was the world never to know of it? Was he to refuse what fate had given him? Was he to be an unfaithful steward of the great gifts committed to his care? He forced his memory back, back. Back to the little chamber, the evening hour; back to it all. He dwelt on it; revelled in the memories. What he had striven to forget, he now strove the harder to remember.

Then he finished the third canto.

And the world gasped at the fidelity of the picture, and acclaimed him great, and gave him a place among the immortals. And gold rained upon him, and honour, and power were his, and he quaffed the cup of success, and was glad.

But the Woman, and her child, slept in an unmarked grave.

THE "STYLO SUPPLY" SWINDLE.

ANOTHER OF OUR BLACK LIST BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Following upon the conviction of Douglas for the "Profit and Pleasure" frauds, it is a source of satisfaction to us to know that our repeated exposures of the "Stylo Supply Company" have at length led to the arrest, conviction, and sentencing to 18 months' hard labour of the man Edgar, who has been running this mean swindle. It will be remembered that the scheme consisted of the offer by advertisement in the newspapers of home work at addressing envelopes at a remuneration varying from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per thousand, said to be equivalent to £1 to 30s. per week. The qualification for such work was the purchase of stylographic pens, priced at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., these pens being obtained from the trade by Edgar at from 1s. to 1s. 2d. each. The purchasers of pens were informed that they must buy foolscap envelopes at about 7s. 6d. per thousand, address them from a printed list supplied by Edgar, and afterwards pay the carriage upon the work. There was thus left but a shilling or so for the labour of addressing the thousand envelopes, but even this was seldom paid. Edgar usually rejecting the envelopes as being of a different quality to his sample. A point which was not raised at the trial was that the printed list of nominally a thousand names fell slightly short of this number, so that Edgar, in the last resort, always had another excuse for not paying.

EASTCOTE

The Ideal London Suburb

is now the scene of the most remarkable increase in land values within the vicinity of the Metropolis.

Only 28 minutes from Baker Street

No Interest

SUMMARY OF DEVELOPMENT					
	Opened for Sale	No. of Plots sold	No. of Purchasers	Sold out	Aggregate value of Sales
	1909				
First Section .	Aug. 21	169	107	Sept. 20	£8,105
Second Section	Sept. 20	167	95	Oct. 5	£8,414
Third Section .	Oct. 5	179	81	Nov. 30	£8,960
Fourth Section	Nov. 30	135	48	—	£8,072
		650	331		£33,551

No Legal Costs

Some of our early purchasers have already made 250 per cent. upon their original investments at Eastcote. (Names on application.)

By showing a copy of this advertisement to one of our Agents on the Estate you will have your return fare to Baker Street paid

A discount of Five per cent. will be allowed on all lots reserved before the 25th day of June 1910

You may OWN a home like this for the money you now pay for rent, or a plot in the same district for 10/- per month.

TERMS:—£3 down, the balance in Instalments of 10/- per month, without interest. TITLE:—Title guaranteed Freehold; it is an enfranchisement copyhold of the Manor of Ruislip. SPECIAL FEATURES:—No Interest, No Taxes, No Tithes, No Restrictions, Free Conveyances, Free Roads and Improvements. FREE INSURANCE IN CASE OF DEATH:—We practically insure the life of every customer for the full amount of his purchase. Let us explain: With every lot sold by us on monthly instalments we give a contract which provides (according to the terms of the contract) either for the return of the money paid or a free deed to the property should death occur before payments are completed.

Eastcote is situated on the Metropolitan and District Railways, and in direct communication with the principal city stations. 143 fast electric trains stop at Eastcote daily. Also it is within walking distance of Pinner on the London and North Western and Metropolitan Railways and of Northolt Junction on the Great Western and Central Railways.

The opening days for the 5th Section of this Estate will be May 14th, 15th, and 16th, and Free Luncheon and Return Fares will be provided for all Visitors to the property every Saturday and Sunday.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST IT TO-DAY

For full particulars, free railway tickets, plans, views, etc., of this property and other estates at Twickenham, Sutton, Sudbury, Northolt Junction and Hounslow, tear off this coupon and forward same to

THE BRITISH FREEHOLD INVESTMENTS SYNDICATE No. 1
The Largest Suburban Land Developers in the World
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"John Bull," 14/5/10

THE "JOHN BULL" COAL CLUB.

AN UNIQUE SCHEME UNDER WHICH EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER WILL BE ENABLED TO OBTAIN THE FINEST QUALITY OF COALS. IN ANY QUANTITY. AT ANY TIME OF THE YEAR. AT ONE UNIFORM, WHOLESALE PRICE.

One of the chief grievances of the average housekeeper is the matter of coal supply. She has no guarantee of quality, the prices are always being changed, and unless she is in a position to lay in a stock in the summer, she has to pay ridiculously high prices. Even then, as every housekeeper knows, there is the greatest difference between coals bearing the same name. "Silkstones" and "Wallsend" and "Cobbles" and "Nuts," and all the rest, may mean anything, or nothing—just as "claret" and "champagne" may mean vinegar or gooseberry juice! Then there is the question of cellarage. Unless a truck load—which means several tons—can be taken at a time, consumers have to "pay through the nose." In a sentence, coal supply for domestic use is one of the greatest problems of household economy.

We have formulated a plan to remedy this state of things. First, we have arranged with one of the leading firms—almost the largest in the trade—to open Local Depots, beginning with Greater London, where members of the John Bull Club may at any time, upon presentation of their membership cards, obtain delivery *of any quantity*, and any kind of coal, *at wholesale prices*, and at one uniform price, *all the year round*. The prices will be exhibited in the windows of the depots and published regularly in JOHN BULL, and may thus be compared with those of ordinary firms. The advantages will thus be :—

Uniform quality.
Coal fresh wrought, direct from the colliery.
Fixed prices throughout the year.
Any quantity procurable at any time.

The next thing we have arranged is the engagement of one of the leading experts in the trade, who will examine the coals, regularly, at the various depots and will deal with any complaints of members.

By the above plan everyhouseholder who joins the Club will save several pounds yearly, will be spared much worry and trouble and will, in addition, secure a regular supply of the very best quality of coal.

Now as to membership. All that will be necessary will be that every member of the Coal Club shall be an annual subscriber to JOHN BULL. That will cost simply 6s. 6d. per annum, entitling the subscriber to a copy of this Journal, post free, every week, and to a card of membership of the Coal Club. More next week.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

"THE GREATEST IMPOSTURE OF THE AGE."

We have received the following :—

DEAR JOHN BULL,—I am delighted to find that at last a journal of wide circulation like yours is found dealing with the Salvation Army, the great imposture of the age. I have known the Salvation Army almost from its beginning, and have had experience of its working and methods. From its hoary-headed incarnation of conceit and trickery to the outer ring of officials, nothing is stuck at that will serve to boom or to hoodwink the public concerning it. As to the so-called poor-men's Metropoles, they are a cruel delusion.

Full common-lodging-house price is charged at them, and no interest whatever is taken in the poor fellows who go to them and spend their last coppers on a night's lodging. Nothing is attempted to be done for them, however deserving. The feeding on the Embankment has done more harm than good, as it has drawn the tramps to that quarter from everywhere. But it has been an advertisement of priceless value to the Army. I could write at great length, but I forbear. I write anonymously, because I do not care to lay myself open to the slanders and innuendoes to which the Salvation Army officials resort when the truth is told by anyone about the great imposture.

As to the rank and file of the Army, I have nothing to say against them. They are for the most part poor, simple, pious, deluded people—the pawns in the game

CIVIL SERVICE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYEES.

In our issue of April 23rd, we published a complaint from "W. S." as to the treatment of the employees of this society. Our correspondent said that their hours had been lengthened without increase of pay, and we invited fuller information upon the subject.

We now learn that since Mr. J. T. Helby became Chairman the position of the employees has been seriously worsened. All men employed received up to the time of Mr. Helby's appointment both wages and commission. Mr. Helby has knocked off the commission without raising the wages. For example, a man who received 28s. plus commission, which averaged about 5s. a week, now receives only the 28s. On the grocery floor and in the provisions department, the commission used to amount to about 13s. a week. This has now been stopped without any increase of wages. Then, again, the hours of work have been lengthened. Whereas they used to be from 9 to 6, they are now from 8.30 to 7 o'clock. Under the old *régime* the men were allowed to buy tea from the Stores at a considerably reduced price; they are now deprived of that privilege. They were also paid for overtime 3d. in every 10s. of wages per hour. That, too, is knocked off. Naturally, the men, who number some 500, are very dissatisfied, and they are leaving the Stores as quickly as they can find other employment.

We observe that for the last year the Stores have paid an extra ½ per cent. dividend, bringing up the distribution to 8½ per cent., and the Chairman hopes to increase it before long to 10 per cent. That is a very handsome distribution, but it can hardly be satisfactory to shareholders to know that, to some extent at any rate, the increased dividend is due to the sacrifices imposed upon the employees.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

THE SECRETARY REPLIES.

In our issue of April 30th, and in our "Letter Bag" columns, we quoted a letter which stated that "Coroners' juries have accused the Anti-Vivisection Hospital of great neglect, and that this probably accounts for the withholding of a grant from the King's Hospital Fund." We invited a reply from the hospital.

We have now received a letter from Mr Robbins, the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Hospital, in which he refers to the verdict of the jury, and says that in spite of charges being made against the hospital it was not allowed by the customary adjournment to call its witnesses, nor to be represented to refute the evidence given. No official notice was sent out to the hospital of these inquests, and Mr. Robbins directs our attention to the statement of the *Medical Times* that the charges made were "unsubstantial." After the inquest, a representative of the Hospital Saturday Fund paid a "surprise" visit to the Anti-Vivisection Hospital, with the result that a cheque for £80 was received from the Council of that Fund. The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund also awarded a grant to the hospital for the first time this last year.

We have much pleasure in printing this reply from Mr. Robbins. Battersea people who know the hospital and its work were no doubt quite able to value a jury's verdict given on *ex parte* evidence at its proper worth. The Anti-Vivisection Hospital has had not a little to complain of in the past at the hands of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, and the fact that it is no longer excluded from the grants given to other hospitals is in itself sufficient proof that it is well conducted.

BAKERLOO RAILWAY.

With respect to the trains at Baker Street Station on the Bakerloo Railway, a correspondent writes .—

A silly little boy is stationed to shut the gate just as the train comes in. The Company say that they run trains every two minutes, but that is not always the case, and the most gross overcrowding results. The effect of stationing a boy of that type to shut the gate when he thinks fit is that he frequently excludes a large crowd from a more or less empty train, and the next train is so crowded that the weight on the wheels must be positively dangerous. No remonstrance of mine has any weight with the Company

HOW DID SIR THOMAS LIPTON BUILD UP HIS BUSINESS?

How did Sir Thomas Lipton build up his business?

This question is a momentous one to the business man. For the interest of a question depends upon its practical application to the life or circumstance of the inquirer.

Now it is well known that the magnificent concern of which Sir Thomas Lipton is at once the founder and the head, and which now numbers hundreds of handsome shops, as well as a palatial head office, large factories, tea plantations, etc., etc., had its beginning in one small shop in Glasgow which Sir Thomas owned when he was a young business man.

How did Sir Thomas Lipton do it?

Many a young business man gets into the way of talking a lot about the successful man in business—what he has done and what he owns. But this is a mistake. What he ought to do is not to talk, but to think. To ask himself "How did he do it?" And then to go steadily to work in his endeavour to make for success in business himself.

It will be granted then that there could not be a more important question for the young man in business to ask himself than this one—

"How did Sir Thomas Lipton build up his business?"

Now the man who says glibly that the conspicuous and brilliant success of Sir Thomas Lipton is only due to the cultivation of the essential business qualities of punctuality, sobriety, and civility is talking nonsense.

He knows—he must know, if he thinks for an instant—that there were at least a hundred men who started with a single shop in Glasgow in the same year that Sir Thomas Lipton did. The most of them were equally civil, sober and punctual as he was.

Yet these men are still working hard in their single shops, and are only too glad that

The Remorseless Flood of Competition

has not swept their shops away, and driven themselves to seek service with one of the big companies.

And Sir Thomas Lipton is at the top in the business world, and numbers his employés not by hundreds, but by thousands.

Napoleon said of warfare that force without intelligence was worse than useless, but this truth applies to all kinds of war, and to no phase of it more truly than to the fierce struggle that characterises the business life of the day.

To this struggle you may bring as much force as you like, you may be as hard-working as you like—you may be very strong in the moral qualities of punctuality and honesty, and in the negative quality of sobriety; but unless to these you add business intelligence and sagacity, you will remain a one-shop man all your life.

The average man who goes into business *is* honest and sober and hard-working—it would be a bad day for the employer if this ceased to be the case. But the average man stays down with the ruck, making a painful living. And the man who cultivates business sagacity comes to the top.

What is Business Sagacity?

Failure is inevitable to the man who attacks a hard job without the proper tool. Failure is inevitable to the man who plunges into the business fight unarmed.

Sir Thomas Lipton knew this. His first step towards success was to acquire knowledge of business—he succeeded because he first acquired business sagacity and business knowledge.

It has been said that he knows what the public wants and he gives it to them. But the truth is that his business sagacity enabled him to anticipate what the public would want, and to be beforehand with his business rivals in giving it to them. It was knowledge of business—of business conditions and business possibilities—that gave Sir Thomas the confidence to act on his own brilliant business ideas.

The Tool for Your Purpose.

There is no reason in life why *you* should not succeed. And the purpose of this article is to tell you of a book that will enable you to do so.

This book is "The Business Encyclopædia." It is written by business experts—men who have built up the businesses they represent into the gigantic successes they are to-day.

If you are a clerk, "The Business Encyclopædia" not only instructs you in the things you ought to know, but it enables you to perfect yourself in that additional knowledge of business which, though you may not need it at the moment, is the surest passport to promotion.

If you are a commercial traveller or an agent, "The Business Encyclopædia" is full of interest for you; the manager will find here all about company law, methods of amalgamation, County Court business, etc.; all about big selling schemes, how to create the demand for any special articles, etc.

If you are a tradesman "The Business Encyclopædia" is necessary to you; its constant use and the surety that

It is Written by Business Men

will give you confidence to act on your own business ideas, founded as they will be on reliable and up-to-date business knowledge.

It will be seen from this brief summary that "The Business Encyclopædia" is such a compendium of expert business information as has never before been submitted to business men, and that the young business man who is interested, rightly and naturally interested in and rightly and naturally envious of the conspicuous success of Sir Thomas Lipton, has here a means at his hand to enable him to come to the top.

But he cannot too emphatically impress upon himself that it is *knowledge* that will enable him to do so.

And "The Business Encyclopædia" is the only book that contains all that expert and up-to-date business knowledge that means certain success.

THREE OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON writes—

"The 'Business Encyclopædia' is got up in a first-class manner, and should prove a most valuable addition to the library of every business man."

SIR THOMAS DEWAR—

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure they will be found necessary in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

MR. L. G. HORSLEY, CASHIER, MARLBOROUGH ROAD, IPSWICH—

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you POST FREE. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co.,
Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

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STEERAGE ACCOMMODATION.

A DISCREDITABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

We have received the following complaint written by a passenger on a well-known liner off Newfoundland, and dated April 18th last. This letter is sent to us by the Rev. O. Oberlin-Harris, of the Church of the Ascension, Victoria Docks, E., and it is written by a gentleman who was lately at St. John's College, Oxford, and in whose statements the Rev. O. Oberlin-Harris tells us he has the "utmost confidence." His correspondent is even willing to come here if necessary and give evidence:—

We left Liverpool early in April with a very full complement of third class passengers, with utterly inadequate lavatory accommodation and inexperienced stewards, who, well as they worked, were unable for half the voyage to cope with the duties that fell to them.

The portions of the vessel reserved for third-class passengers were three decks forward and two decks aft. Personal acquaintance permits remarks about the forward decks only. In these three decks there were roughly 320 men, 44 women, 46 children, divided as follows:—On the top mess deck were 129 men, not including many stewards, 38 women, 42 children. On the deck below 107 men, again not including stewards and others from the cook house, while on the same level as the latter, but right forward, were most of the foreigners—88 men, 6 women and about 4 children. The total lavatory accommodation for the 44 women and 46 children was a wash-house with 8 bowls and a closet with 3 seats. Apparently no provision was made for the washing and drying of babies' and children's clothes, it being found difficult at first to get water even for babies' food. However it should be said that latterly stoves were kept burning on this deck and elsewhere.

For the 320 men there were 4 washing places containing altogether 30 bowls, two urinals, and 8 closet seats, the latter being in a dirty condition from the time of coming aboard.

For the emptying of the wash bowls there were small receptacles placed underneath on the deck floor, which required to be emptied by haulage to the open deck. These were soon filled, and remained nearly continuously so for three or four days, so that as the vessel lurched they slopped badly, and the water ran over the mess deck into the women's cabins, spoiling whatever might be on the floor under their bunks. When these cabins were at last swept out, in some cases clothes that had got on to the floor were so unrecognisable as to be brushed up for filth. The urinals were such as to be nearly useless, and again lurching of the vessel caused an overflow, which drained openly over the top deck into the scuppers. For many days the closets were not fit to be used, the seats being in an indescribably filthy condition, and the floor awash sometimes with inches of water.

In this forward part of the vessel no receptacles were placed in the cabins for night use, therefore the nearest wash bowls were appropriated in case of sickness and other urgent necessities, the women often not being able to walk or to carry their children the length of the mess deck to reach their own lavatory.

After two days the water supply contiguous to the washing places gave out, and it became necessary to go on to the open deck, along past the galley to the after part of the ship to fetch water to wash with—an utterly unsafe trip for a woman when decks were slippery and heaving, so that those who had no husband or male relatives to fetch for them were entirely dependent on the chance kindness of a stranger, the stewards, who worked nearly continuously from 5 in the morning till 10 at night, with an occasional night watch too, being far too hard-worked to have this work added to their usual labours.

In addition to the misery of the wetness of the top mess deck on which the women and children were situated, through its position over the stokehold and communication thereto by a hatchway, imperfectly covered, and a ventilator, a stifling, sulphury smoke frequently pervaded the atmosphere.

It was not for three or four days that the ship's officers awoke to the fact that something must be done, and by that time one deck at least, the last mentioned, was in a state of dirt and filth that beggars description.

Another fact needs mentioning. The women amongst the foreigners were separated from the men in the next cabin by a partition which did not come within 13 inches of the ceiling, and when the writer looked inside, a man belonging to the next cabin was actually leaning over the partition talking to the women.

Attention, too, might be drawn to the frequent use of blasphemous and foul language on the part of some responsible stewards, in the presence and hearing of the female passengers, nor was there any attempt to place a check on the language of those male passengers who were given to speaking unguardedly.

To mention such things as dirty table utensils, poor light, hot food served nearly cold would be trivial and out of place in a letter where such serious complaints are made—complaints of conditions which must have been of the utmost danger had any disease been brought aboard which the farcical medical examination previous to embarkation would scarcely have detected.

ROUND THE SOCIETIES.

By Tom Ormerod.

WEST HORNSEY ANTI-VACCINATION SOCIETY.

An enthusiastic meeting of the above Society was held last Friday, Mr. L. Bethel in the chair. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman, and a delightful rendering of hymn 1789, by Miss Prosser (of America), the Rev. Walter Pennell rose to make the speech of the evening.

The great anti-vaccinationist was in rare fettle. He said he was a religious man—(Hear, hear)—he had a religious objection to many things — (Applause) — in fact, to most things which he disliked — (Renewed applause) — above all, he had a religious objection to vaccination. (Great cheering.) Were they to allow the medical profession to lord it over them? (No.) Were they to sit down and see their children's bodies mutilated? (No, no, and cheers.) Were they to be like un-Christian Jews? (No, no.) A thousand times no.

It was absurd to argue, as some did, that vaccination lessened the risk of disease. Who were they to set their wills against that of the Almighty? Was not disease sent from on high with a purpose? (Applause.). Was it not sheer wanton audacity for mortal men to minimise the ravages of God's punishments? What was the good of sending punishments if they did that? (Applause, and a voice "None.") Were they to be atheists and make life as healthy and pleasant as possible for their fellow men? (No, no.) God sent small-pox with a purpose—(Cheers)—to punish the offenders—(Applause)—the publicans—(Cheers and booing)—the sinners, the Catholics—(renewed cheers and booing)—and the Tory party generally. (Here the audience rose to their feet and cheered for five minutes.) This was not a political meeting—(Hear, hear)—and he spoke with no political bias whatever — (Cheers)—but the Radical Party—(Loud cheering)—always would stand for Liberty— (Cheers) — Fraternity — (Cheers) — Equality — (Cheers)—cheap food—(Cheers)—and cheap cocoa. (Loud applause.) That was why he called himself a religious man — (Hear, hear)—and that was why he opposed compulsory vaccination. (Loud and continued applause.) A resolution on the usual lines was carried unanimously.

THE SONG OF THE AEROPLANE.

I float, I fly
  In the stormy sky!
I have left dull earth behind!
  I chase the cloud
With its streaming shroud,
  I war with the wailing wind!

Up, up, and away,
  At the dawn of day
I go where the swallows dare.
  In the gloaming dim
With the bats I skim;
  Huzza! I am king of the air!

Since the hour of birth
  Of our race on earth
No mortal has been so free,
  As I wing my steed
With an eagle's speed
  O'er mountain, moor, and sea!

The hawk I scare
  As I venture where
Not a man has been before,
  The heron cries
In her wild surprise
  As over her head I soar.

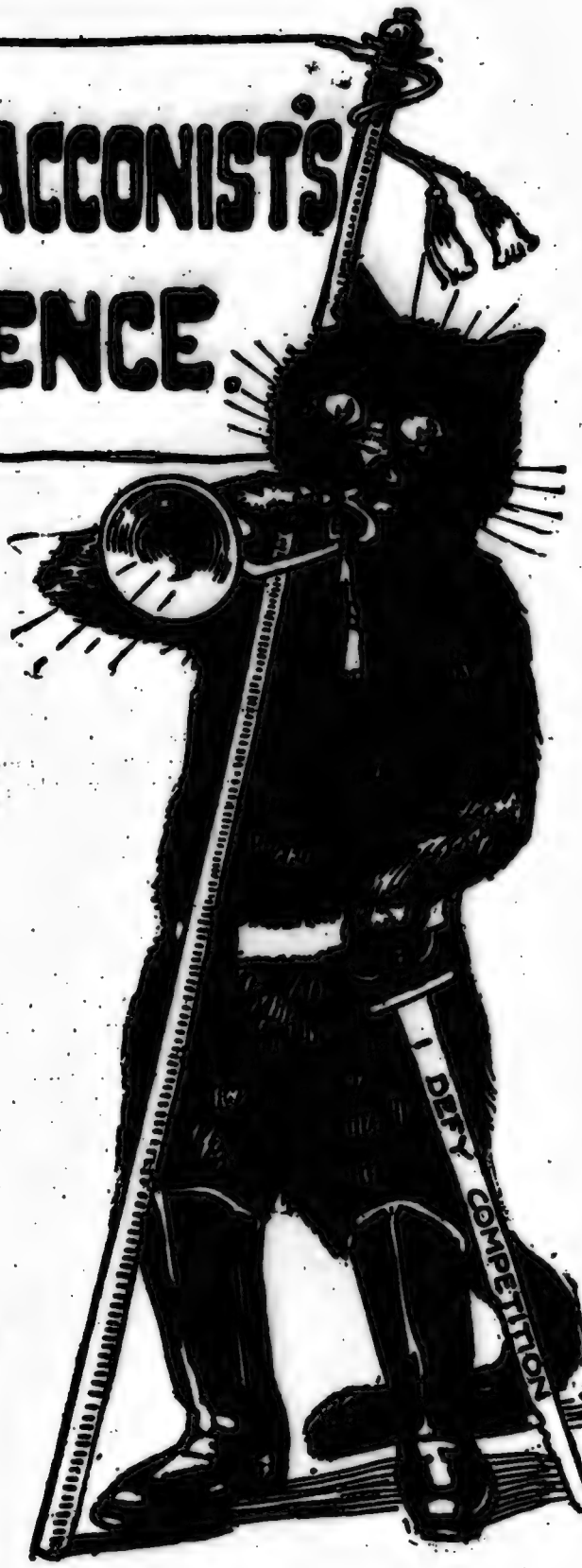
... would almost seem
  As a poet's dream,
That man should at last have wings,
  With angels sharing
Unearthly daring
  To hover o'er earthly things.

And now to descend
  With a swooping bend
From my lofty perch and lone;

. . . . . .

  What a horrible—CRASH—
The machine's gone smash!
  And I've broken my collar-bone!!

THE SMOKERS & TOBACCONIST'S FLAG OF INDEPENDENCE.



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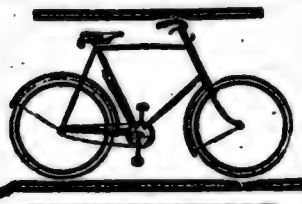

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THE "TA-RA-RA" BOOM.

By Richard Morton.
(*Writer of the Song*).

Less than nineteen years ago, Miss Lottie Collins launched upon the world the most famous song it has ever known since the days of the Song of Solomon. In an incredibly short space of time her tune and her name were acclaimed in all the four quarters of the globe. Yet, now that she has passed away, not one of the great newspapers seems able to bestow upon her memory an obituary notice that is even reasonably correct.

The *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, erred appallingly. Here are a few of its mis-statements, with my corrections following hot upon their heels :—

"Miss Collins first heard the song when on tour in America." She did nothing of the kind. "In 1890 she sang it at the Tivoli." On the contrary, she produced the song at the Tivoli on November 7th, 1891. The date is fixed in my memory because it happened to be my birthday. "Old playgoers will remember her attired as a meek and mild, but comely, widow." She was not a widow; she was a "smart and stylish girl," "out with pa," and she wore a costume of vivid crimson and gold. "Her sisters were Marie and Louise." Her sisters were Marie and Lizzie. "She was married in the first instance to Mr. Stephen Cooper." This should be Mr. Stephen Cooney.

It was Mr. Cooney who sent his wife, from America, a copy of a song called "Ta-ra-ra-boum-der-é," described as by Henry Sayer—not Fayers, as the *Telegraph* has it. It contained two verses only, and the melody did not indicate the famous "Boom" which, with the clash of the drum and cymbals, was the feature of the production. If you can imagine "Ta-ra-ra" without the "Boom," you will probably think it a pretty, rippling melody of no great distinction.

Miss Collins showed me the song in its original immature state, and, with the genius of a true artist, pointed to the weak spot and told how she would remedy it. "Write me some fresh verses," she said; "these American ones are no good—they never are!—and leave the dance to me."

I wrote the song of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," as sung by Miss Collins, while we sat at the dinner-table, altering and adapting the lines of the American edition, and adding third and fourth verses of my own. One adapted verse and my two original verses formed the song that Miss Collins produced with electrical effect within seven days. It was one of the quickest "studies" I have ever known.

The dance was an inspiration. "I want to start quietly," she said, "and get quicker and quicker with each chorus, with the 'Boom' more pronounced each time, until, after the last chorus, I am worked into a perfect frenzy." And that final kick of hers on the last "Boom" was wonderful. It was a double movement; she threw one foot high in front, brought it down, and then—it seemed like a simultaneous effort—threw up the other foot in a marvellous back kick that almost touched her head. The whole performance was the creation of sheer genius.

Here is a curious sidelight on music hall matters. When Lottie Collins sang "Ta-ra-ra" at the Tivoli, her salary, under an old contract, was but fifteen pounds a week. The song saved the hall and first brought it into popularity. But when her agent, Didcott, asked for permission for her to sing the song at the Gaiety, it was promptly refused by the late Adney Payne, the managing director. The Gaiety was willing to pay Miss Collins forty pounds a week—and she wanted the money. "No," said Payne, "we've got her here, and we're not going to part with her." "I'm sorry," said Didcott, with a sigh—he was the cutest of all the agents—"but Miss Collins is a funny woman if you cross her. Of course she will keep to her contract and appear here—but she will drop 'Ta-ra-ra'! That old contract does not oblige her to sing it." The artful threat was sufficient; the management gracefully allowed Miss Collins to draw the forty pounds a week offered by Mr. Edwardes.

Regarding the age and origin of the air of "Ta-ra-ra," I proved at the time in the columns of *Truth*, that the melody was that of an old folk song from the neighbourhood of the Balkans. Taken to America by emigrants, it became a kind of rough chorus in the nigger houses. The rest of the story I have now told here.

I need only add that, in the days of the "Boom," *Punch* wrote my epitaph. I have not yet had occasion to use it.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—LXXXIX.

We have received from Mr. H. Moore, of 58, Bravington Road, Queen's Park, the following statement. Will any of our readers lend a hand to poor John Ryan? :—

> John Ryan, a pointer by trade, has been ill for three years past, and has been unable to follow his occupation regularly; he has been, as it were, patched up several times, but is now an inmate of the Acton Lane Infirmary, which, it is stated, he will never leave alive. His wife has kept the home and her family together by laundry work; fourteen days ago she was discharged from Queen Charlotte's Hospital, where she had given birth to her sixth child. Of course on her return home she was forced to resume her laundry work immediately in order to feed the six little mouths dependent upon her. Last Saturday, after finishing her work away, she commenced working at home, and was washing her little ones' clothes until past 11.30 at night. Yesterday she was taken ill, and this morning her children, coming home from school to dinner, found their mother dead.
>
> This is one of the silent tragedies of this great city, and anyone who can help the unfortunate bairns will be doing a kindness indeed.
>
> They are Catholics, and live at 52, Malvern Road, West Kilburn, but of course they will have to leave that address now.
>
> Anyone able to place any of the children in a home would be doing a great service.
>
> I should be pleased to hear from anyone writing me to the above address, as the children's aunt lives in the basement here, but unfortunately she herself is too poor to help them.

HUMAN DOCUMENT LXXXVII.

It will be remembered that the writer of this document, which appeared in our issue of April 30th, described how, by a series of misfortunes, he, although still a young man of 27 years of age, had been reduced to great distress, and he went on to say how he thought he could pull himself together again if only he could put his hand upon a sum of £6. He wrote :—

> If any reader would care to lend a hand in this direction I would willingly pay them back. About £6 would start me.

A Bradford reader of John Bull impressed by this appeal, has most kindly sent us the £6 asked for as a loan without interest, which is to be repaid by our correspondent when able. Perhaps we should quote our Bradford correspondent's exact words :—

> I therefore enclose £6 as a loan. Of course I require no interest, nor do I name any time for repayment, but leave it to the man's sense of honour to pay me when able to. If he is unsuccessful and cannot pay through no fault of his own, I shall never trouble him, but look upon the £6 as a gift.

We have had great pleasure in forwarding the cheque to our correspondent. We are not able to give the name of the generous helper, as he desires that it shall not be published. We can only thank him for his kindly action, and hope that it will be the means of putting a worthy man upon his legs again.

We have received the following monies on behalf of the writer of Human Document LXXXVII., which have been forwarded as requested :—M'bro, 2s. 6d.; Poorer Still, 1s.; Punter, 3s.; M.J., 10s.

We have also received on behalf of the writer of Human Document LXXXVIII., the sum of 12s. 6d. from Punter, which has been forwarded.

FIND'NG THE POLE.

I hear that Scott's going to find the South Pole.
But how will that benefit us?
It offers no balm to an anguish-racked soul,
It won't purchase food and it won't provide coal,
It won't affect us if he does find the Pole,
So why all this terrible fuss?

Now if to the needy the money was sent
That's raised for this glorified spree,
'Twould go a long way, if judiciously spent,
In buying them bread and in paying back rent,
'Twould do more for them than it would for a gent
Like Mr. S-C-O-T-T.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page ii. of Cover.

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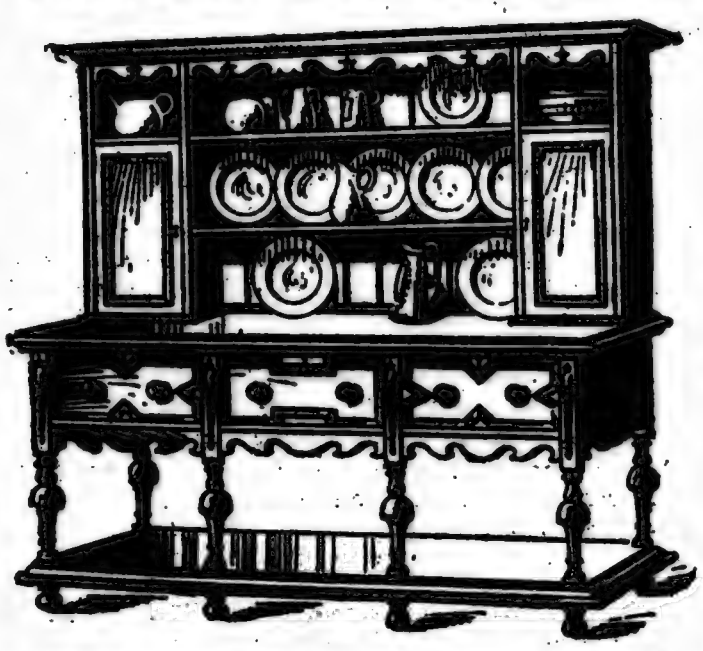

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OAK BEDROOM SUITE, as illustration, comprising Wardrobe, with Bevelled Plate-glass Door, Dressing Chest with landscape shape swing Bevelled Mirror above, Marble Top and Self-coloured Tiled Back Washstand with Towel Rails fixed, and One Rush Seat Chair ... **5 12 6**

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

By Donald A. Stephens.

Is it possible to reason with a Sunday observance crank, and, by so doing, bring before him certain facts that may perhaps alter his ideas considerably, even though against his will? Let us hope that it is.

I do not call the man a crank without good reason, for it can be proved beyond all contention that twentieth century universal Sunday observance is an impossibility, and the man who persists in considering the achievement of an impossibility is really something more than a crank. He should be placed in a suitable institution, and left to chase himself round a room.

I will ask the crank one question. Has he ever tried to picture to himself what would happen if everybody got religion bad, and took the Fourth Commandment to heart? We will presume that he has not, so I will try and give a brief outline of the chaos that would ensue.

Details of what would happen in the hospitals and lunatic asylums would prove too harrowing for recital. Electric generating stations and gas works would stop, and the self-satisfied Stiggins would sit in darkness without the comforting knowledge that the police and prison staff were keeping an eye on the enemies of Society. No fresh milk could be obtained, an inconvenience to the consumer as well as to the cow. Owing to all the railways stopping, many travellers would break their journeys, and stay at hotels. No, there would be no staff on duty to receive them, and, of course, the ordinary guests would either fast or feed on ham sandwiches. All ships of the sea would heave-to, and the passengers would adopt the same course as the hotel guests. Lighthouses and lightships would cease to warn and guide the mariner. The markets on Monday would be useless, as most of the merchandise is in transit on Sunday, and Monday morning newspapers would be *non est*. No man would take any duty in either the Army or Navy, and Mary Jane would neither make beds, cook, nor wash plates. The churches would dispense with any paid labour, such as organist, choir, bellringer, etc., and if Sunday calls on friends were made, the only modes of progression permissible would be Shanks's pony, or bicycle, either of which is considered by some people to be suspiciously like work. Bonâ fide travellers would fill their scrips before setting out, and men incapable of shaving themselves would have a good excuse for remaining *en déshabille* all day.

This picture of mine, I know, is far from complete, but it is sufficiently adequate to show how impossible the Twentieth Century Universal Sunday Observance is, and I put it to the crank, in fact everybody, that there is, and always will be, a vast army of men and women, who, not for the sake of gain or greed, but for their livelihood, and incidentally for the benefit, advantage, convenience, call it what you will, of others, have to work on Sunday, and although it is an alleged day of rest, they go to bed tired, just the same as on any other day. These are the people who must on no account pause, but must keep on, haunted by the knowledge that there are many others ready and willing to fill their places should they falter.

Does the crank or anybody else ever think or feel for these people? Let us remember that we derive many benefits directly and indirectly from Sunday labour, and also that it is an economic possibility for everybody to enjoy one complete day's respite in every seven, and an Act of Parliament, prohibiting anyone being employed for more than six consecutive days would bear harshly on no one, while a whole day to call their own would be a consummation devoutly to be wished by thousands.

Clark's College Celebrations.—This, the thirtieth year of the foundation of the institution, is being celebrated at Clark's College by the offer of 280 open scholarships for boys and girls desirous of entering the Civil Service but prevented by their parents' lack of means from taking advantage of the ordinary courses of specialised instruction. The scholarships are of the aggregate value of £3,000—their potential value is, of course, enormously greater, as a very large proportion of those appointed to Civil Service posts owe their success to Clark's College—indeed, it is by no means unusual for 90 per cent. or over of the "passes" to be taken by students from Clark's. Various social functions are also being held by every branch of the College to commemorate its thirty years' steady progress, winding up with a great summer outing (probably at the Crystal Palace) and a grand concert at the Royal Albert Hall—both free of charge to students and their friends.

YOUR LIFE-INSURANCE.—Readers of John Bull may be glad of the services of Mr. Percy Avery, the well-known Insurance Specialist, 13, Southampton Street, High Holborn, London. He offers to advise them, free, as to the very best terms under which they can insure. Much money and disappointment will thus be saved.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

OVER-RULING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

We were under the impression that, when the House of Lords has decided a point their decision was binding upon the Lower Courts, but apparently we were in error. In the course of the case in which Mr. Beardall thought fit to sue John Bull for libel, and which ended in his complete discomfiture, Mr. Justice Darling gave a ruling from the Bench as to what constitutes libel, to which one of our counsel, that promising junior, Mr. Joseph, immediately took exception. Mr. Joseph was able to show, by quoting from reported cases, that on two occasions the House of Lords has ruled directly contrary to the opinion given by Mr. Justice Darling. One would have thought that on his attention being directed to these cases, the Judge would have admitted that he had made a mistake. Not even a judge can remember every case that comes before the House of Lords. But this was not what Mr. Justice Darling did. Instead, he remarked to Mr. Joseph that his opinion of the law was as stated, and that if it was wrong, Mr. Joseph's clients might go, if need be, to the House of Lords to set it right. But surely this is not the position that a judge should take up on a matter of the kind? It is very easy to talk about going to the House of Lords, but going to the House of Lords means the expenditure of a large sum of money quite beyond the power of many litigants to find. As it happened, the point to which we have referred was not of vital importance in the case; anyway, it did not prevent us getting the verdict; but in charging the jury, Mr. Justice Darling laid down the law as he conceived it to be, and which, as Mr. Joseph had informed him, was in direct opposition to the House of Lords' decision. Is that quite as it should be?

A VIRTUOUS JUDGE.

In a recent Old Bailey case, a juror kept the Court waiting fifteen minutes after the luncheon adjournment, having been detained at his office, where, he said, he had only his wife to help him. He was sternly ordered by the judge to "remain in attendance at the Court during the remainder of the sessions." If the order were enforced, and the unfortunate man were placed upon the jury in every other case, we should not have been surprised to read "Jury disagree" in the reports of the proceedings. It was a silly order, and an unjustifiable one. Jurymen give their time ungrudgingly to the service of the Courts, and some consideration should be shown them. We *have* known cases where juries have been kept waiting for the arrival of the Judge.

A CONTRADICTORY RULING.

A correspondent directs our attention to a case of importance and interest to stock-owners, which was heard before the Rye County Bench on April 27th, when James Wood was summoned and fined for being the owner of some sheep he had put out to keep in another parish upon another man's land, and which, through no fault of his own were found straying upon the highway. Although Wood protested that the sheep were not in his charge, and that he had, therefore, no control over them, he was convicted and fined, the Chairman of the Bench (Colonel Frewen) stating that as owner of the sheep Wood was liable, while the magistrate's clerk advised Wood to deduct the amount of the fine and costs from the keep of the sheep. Now if the Chairman's statement that the owner was liable was correct, how could Wood legally deduct the amount of the fine and costs from the keep of the sheep? Wood asked the Bench if he would be held liable supposing he put out sheep to keep in another county, to which the Chairman replied that he had better seek legal advice and pay 6s. 8d. This may have been Colonel Frewen's idea of being funny, but it is poor justice.

OH, FOR THAT BUSINESS—LAW COURT!

A firm of rubber manufacturers send us the items of a bankruptcy case in which they have just received notice of first and final dividend of 1s. 8½d. in the £. The figures work out as below:—

Total realization	.. .. ..	£214 11 10
Bankruptcy and Legal, etc., costs	..	123 15 9
Available for Creditors	... ..	£90 16 1

Our correspondents think this leaves a good deal to be desired in the way of administration. So do we!

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EDWARD THE SEVENTH—AND AFTER.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE NEW SITUATION.

By the Editor.

By the time these lines are read, we shall have had an opportunity of partially, at any rate, recovering from the shock of Friday of last week—when, with scarcely any warning, we learnt, and tried to realise, that King Edward—*Our* King Edward—he, who for nearly ten years had been the centre and the symbol of our national life—he who stood for the British Empire, and all that it means—he, who for the last twenty years of Victoria's reign was really King—he, who was all-in-all to us—was **Dead.**

It had been no secret amongst those of us who are to some extent behind the scenes in public affairs that, for a year past, King Edward's health had not been satisfactory. At Marienbad, in the autumn, his condition caused some anxiety; whilst at Biarritz, there can be no harm in saying now, for about a week he was very seriously ill—so ill, indeed, that in the Lobbies of the House of Commons, when discussing possible developments of the crisis, some would shake their heads and say—"Yes, but——;" and the rest was understood.

And here let me say something which, as far as I know, has not been said before. For at least a year past, King George has had constantly before his eyes, and in his mind, the possibility, at all events, of being suddenly called upon to assume the responsibility of Rule. And no one could have worked harder to prepare himself for the task. It was common talk amongst the public that the Prince of Wales was becoming "very serious," and "looking older." These, however, were but the outward and visible signs. The public did not know of the deep and earnest study which the Prince was giving to public affairs. From my corner seat in the House, I watched him, day after day, during last session, and especially whilst the constitutional question was under discussion, sitting quietly behind the clock, following, with intense interest, every phase of the discussions. He seemed to live in the House; and any Minister who assumes that the new King is not alive to all the phases of the political situation will be swiftly disillusioned. To expect a ready-made Edward the Seventh is, of course, absurd. Such a King was the outcome of a combination of three qualities—rare sagacity, strong personality and ripe experience. But I speak from some special knowledge when I say that they in the best position to judge are quite prepared to find in King George a strong monarch.

And now what is to be the outcome of it all? For, in a moment, the whole scene is changed. What a hollow, sepulchral echo, for instance, is there in those words "Guarantees" and "Assurances"! We shall hear little more of them for some months to come. The Prime Minister will recognise that the first days of a new reign—concurrently even with the coronation ceremonies—do not constitute a convenient period for bringing the Throne into the arena of Party politics. He will at the same time recognise that it would be an intolerable burden placed upon the shoulders of the new King, if his prerogative were invoked at this stage. There may, indeed, be some people—of the school of thought which sees the Divine will in everything—who will even, with unconscious cruelty, regard the calamity which has overtaken the nation as in some respects a Providential deliverance from what appeared to be a constitutional deadlock. We, who know better, can form but a small estimate of the blow which has fallen upon the political world; for there can be no question that the diplomacy of King Edward would have gone further than all the arts and schemes of Ministers to avert a constitutional revolution. The story must soon now be told of the great part which his late Majesty played in the early days of the crisis—and of the greater part still which he was destined to take in bringing about its settlement.

Deprived of such assistance, no Minister in these days would dare to throw down the gauntlet. Nor is the country in any temper just now for Party squabbles. Whatever be the faults—and they are many—in both the Constitution and the methods of the House of Lords, the problem must for the moment be put aside. What we all desire to do to-day is to make the path—thorny and rugged at the best—of our new King as little difficult as possible. When he has had an opportunity of realising and adapting himself to the position to which he has been so suddenly called; when Ministers have put the finance of the country in order; when the country has had an opportunity of recovering its mental equilibrium after the staggering blow it has received—then, and not till then, can we take up the work which the death of King Edward not only interrupted but rendered impossible of fulfilment in the immediate future.

We anticipate, therefore—in fact, we expect—that when Parliament re-assembles at the end of the present month, the Prime Minister will make an appeal to the patriotism of both his followers and the members of all other Parties to unite hands over King Edward's grave, and, in the sanctity of that compact, forswear every consideration other than that of doing all that is possible to assist the smooth working of the new King's Government, and to demonstrate to a curious and not altogether disinterested world the fact that with all our faults, we are still capable as a people of rising to a great occasion, and of presenting a united and impregnable front to all enemies and rivals of the mighty Empire from whose throne it has pleased a mysterious Providence, in a time of sore trial, to remove the greatest man who ever occupied it.

God Save the King.

CALLED AWAY.

THE UNFINISHED TASK.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

General Depression Caused by the King's Death—Followed by a Marked Recovery—The Strong Monetary Position a Bull Point.

All human calculations are liable to being upset by a higher Power, and the death, after a very brief illness, of King Edward is not only a great loss to the nation, but it also threatens to spoil a good many schemes, by which those interested in stocks and shares hoped to increase their fortunes. At first, in fact, the only persons who benefited were the "Bears." Such an untoward event generally knocks prices down, but strong rallies have nearly always followed, as, for instance, on the occasion of the decease of Queen Victoria, and a strong recovery is now in progress. I advise my readers to stick tight to their holdings not only of rubber shares, but of gilt-edged securities, Home Rails, Foreign and Colonial Government Stocks, Kaffir, Rhodesian, and West African Mines, etc. The only Home securities which may for the time being be exceptionally hit are probably those adversely affected by the period of mourning, viz., dress-making, drapery, and catering companies. Fortunately, recent large gold imports have rendered the position of the Bank of England very strong, and with the passing of the unpopular Budget, however objectionable some of its provisions, the national finances for the time being are on a sound footing. The success of the "Bears" should, therefore, merely prove a "flash in the pan," and normal prices should be promptly restored.

The Rubber Share Market Passes Through Sharp Fluctuations—The Bears Profit by the Death of the King—A Strong Undercurrent.

The Rubber Share Market has passed through sharp fluctuations. A strong "Bear" raid put prices down materially, and when an equally sharp rebound developed, the melancholy news of the illness of the King and his death precipitated another relapse. Yet in their calculations concerning the position of crude rubber the Bear operators were altogether wrong. The visible supply is very small, and the talk about secret stocks in Liverpool is preposterous, in view of the figures of the import and re-export returns and the strong demand for consumption. The reduced level of prices has attracted a great many investors, while at the auctions of Plantation Rubber prices rose 4d., the highest price for fine being 11s. 5d. Fine Para is also up. Moreover, last week's batch of 24 special settlements went off much better than had been anticipated. As usual, the Malayan shares have been in the van of the fluctuations, notably Linggis, Anglo-Malays, and Vallambrosa. The following is a small representative list showing the fluctuations of leading shares:—

	Shares.	Paid.	Price, April 18.	Price, May 3.	Price, May 9.
Anglo-Malay	£1	£1	35/9	30/-*	31/-
Bukit Rajah	£1	£1	23½	20	8 ½
Cicely Ord.	2/-	2/-	3½	2½	2½
Eastern Intern'l Shares	£1	10/-	2½ pm.	1½ pm.	1½
Highlands and Lowlands	£1	£1	9½	7½*	7½ xall.
Kamuning "A"	/-	1/-	14/9 pm.	10/- pm.	9/9 pm.
Kuala Lumpur	£1	£1	13	10½	11
Ledbury	£1	£1	6½	5	5
Linggi Ord.	2/-	2/-	69/6	62/6	63/-
North Hummock	£1	14/-	5½ pm.	4½*	4½ pm.
Prye R. and Coconut	£1	12/6	2½ pm.	1½ pm.	1½ pm.
Rim (Malacca)	£1	£1	2½ pm.	1½ pm.	2½
Selangor	2/-	2/-	4½	3½	4½
Shelford	£1	£1	4½	4	4
Straits (Bertam)	2/-	2/-	11/6	9/-	9/9
Sumatra Para	2/-	2/-	17/6	14/-	14/6
United Serdang	£1	£1	8½	6½	6½
United Sumatra	2/-	2/-	18/-	13/-	14/-
Vallambrosa	2/-	2/-	62/-	51/3	52/-

*xd.

Although distinctly above the lowest, present quotations are still very considerably below the highest prices, which ruled about April 18th. With a three months' shortage from Brazil in sight, the position of the producers is strong. But even assuming for a moment that there were a set-back in the price—say, 8s. per lb.—Anglo-Malay, with an estimated production for the current year of 609,000 lbs. rubber, would be able to pay 160 per cent. dividend; Cicely, with 113,000 lbs. production, 280 per cent. dividend; Batu Caves, with 119,000 lbs., 175 per cent.; Damansara, with 218,000 lbs., 85 per cent.; Highlands, with 525,000 lbs., 70 per cent.; Inch Kenneth, with 150,000 lbs., 200 per cent.; Linggi, with 719,000 lbs., 320 per cent.; Selangor, with 410,000 lbs., 545 per cent.; Vallambrosa, with 360,000 lbs. production, 285 per cent. dividend, etc. Rather than effect indiscriminate purchases by promiscuous subscription for new and untried companies, it would be preferable to invest in such producing and dividend-paying concerns. There are, however, also shares in some of the newer sound companies just now to be picked up cheap, which are well worth buying, but this should not be done without competent advice and careful investigation. I may remind my readers that Madagascar Rubber Ordinary are attractive at 1¾, and that the shares in Galvez Rubber Estates, of which I gave particulars last week, are cheap at 17s. 6d. Then there are Malang Rubber shares, 1s. 6d. paid, which have been knocked down to 1s.—2s. premium without rhyme or reason, and could with advantage be picked up. Molesworth Bros. got over the special settlement remarkably well, the make up price being 3s. 6d. There was great delay in sending in names, and 10,000 shares were sold out. The fact that so large a parcel was promptly taken at 2s. 9d. shows the strength of the market, and the shares have now recovered to 3s. 9d. The above 10,000 shares have now been added to the "Bear" account, which is considerable. Simpang (Sumatra) Rubber shares of £1 each, 15s. paid, are another cheap purchase at ¼-½ prem., with 730 acres planted with 86,400 trees, many of which are 7 years old, while the capital is only £50,000.

The Merits of Dolok Rubber Estates.

Having received some urgent enquiries about the Dolok Rubber Estates, Ltd. (Sumatra), I have made it my business to investigate their position, with the result that I could but come to a favourable conclusion, and must consider some disparaging remarks by a writer in the Press as altogether unfounded. The Company's capital is £200,000 in 4s. shares, which was largely over-subscribed in London and Amsterdam. Its property consists of four estates, acquired as a going concern and all adjoining, in Sumatra, comprising 15,217 acres. Its produce is rubber, coffee and cocoanuts. Eight hundred acres are planted with rubber, and of the 65,000 Hevea Brasiliensis trees 40,000 are over three years old. One thousand five hundred acres are planted with 306,000 coffee trees, while there are 5,000 cocoanut trees from four to thirteen years old on one hundred acres. On about six hundred acres there are 4,100 Ficus Rubber trees from ten to twenty-five years old. The estimated net earnings for the present year are from 4,500 piculs coffee; 10,000 lbs. rubber, at 4s. 6d., from 4,000 Ficus trees; and cocoanuts, according to the report of Mr. P. v. d. Steenstraten, £12,500, rising in 1911 to £13,200; in 1912, when 40,000 Hevea Rubber trees will be tapped (at 4s. per lb.), £21,230; in 1913 (61,000 Hevea), to £26,180; in 1914 (65,000 Hevea), £29,450; in 1915, including the 65,000 Hevea now existing and 50,000 planted in 1910, £40,830. It would, however, be easy to plant one thousand acres with Hevea this year, when the 1915 profits would be much larger. The last three shipments of the Company's rubber (Ficus) were sold by tender in Antwerp, through Messrs. Bunge and Co., at fr. 14.50 to fr. 15 per kilo, and were described by the brokers as very fine. There are in the nursery, ready for planting, 40,000 Hevea trees, 75,000 Liberia coffee, and 80,000 Robusta coffee trees. Dr. Cramer, from the Botanic Government Gardens at Buitenzorg, who visited the estates on the East Coast, considered the soil as very good and suitable for coffee and rubber planting, and the coffee plantations on these estates are considered by him the finest he ever saw. The Company, I am informed, has £55,000 working capital, so that the large estates can be promptly further developed. From these data, therefore, I gather that the proposition is a good one, and that the shares are worth a great deal more than their present price, having in the slump declined from their price at 4s. premium to 6d. premium per 4s. share 1s. paid.

Now as regards the unfair criticism complained of. It was as follows:—

> The Dolok is an estate high up on a volcano in Sumatra, and said to be quite incapable of growing rubber successfully The owners originally tried it for coffee, and this not proving very profitable, it was floated in London for rubber. The issue was a success, a premium of 4s., or 200 per cent., being placed upon shares, which, at any price, I am told, would be worthless as a rubber proposition.

These preposterous assertions are disproved by the statements in the prospectus and the experts' reports, but two

experts from Sumatra, at present in Amsterdam, give them the lie direct—briefly as follows :—

(1) Every planter in Sumatra knows that in the entire East Coast district of Sumatra, where tobacco, rubber and coffee is grown not a single volcano exists. The estate is situate at an altitude of about 150 feet above sea level, and more than two days distant from the nearest mountain range.

(2) Nowhere in the district coffee grows so well as on the Dolok estate, as proved by Dr. Cramer, the Government expert

(3) It is generally known that the soil of the East Coast of Sumatra is better suited for rubber growing than any other part of the world, and the rubber plantations on Dolok can be considered the most successful, and the estate has, amongst the planters of the East Coast of Sumatra, the best reputation for rubber and coffee.

Finally, the two experts, who have twenty years' experience in Sumatra, challenge anyone who dares to question their statements to come out in the open and to publish his name. Here, then, is a complete refutation, and as Rubber propositions go, the Dolok appears to me to be worth not only 4s. premium per 4s. share, but a good deal more.

THE OIL SHARE MARKET HESITATES.—A GOOD UNDERTONE, HOWEVER—THE GREAT MEXICAN OIL COMPANY.

The relapse in Rubber shares also affected the neighbouring Oil Share market to some extent, and cheap shares are at present to be bought, although some of the favourites have been well supported. Other quotations merely underwent the usual down-marking process indulged in by the jobbers on such occasions. London and Maikop Oil Corporation, although lower with the rest, yet showed considerable power of resistance. Anglo-Roumanian are very cheap at ⅛, but Maikop European and General Oil Trust have improved to 4s. 3d. The issue of the second subsidiary of this Company, *viz.*, Maikop Schivouski Oilfields, Ltd., with a capital of £135,000 in 540,000 shares of 5s. each, is now pending. Other changes in prices will be gathered from the following comparative list :—

Shares.	Paid.	Price, April 26.	Price, May 10.
Anglo-Maikop Ord. .. .. .. £1 ..	10/- ..	1¼ pm. ..	¾ pm.
Baku (new) .. .. .. 10/- ..	6/- ..	6/6 ..	5/6
Black Sea Oil Fields Prefs. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	13-16 pm ..	1 7-16
" Ord. .. .. 1/- ..	1/- ..	¼ ..	—
Burmah Ord. .. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	6½ ..	6⅝
California Oilfields .. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	6 ..	5⅞
Commonwealth Co.'s Pref. Ord. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	13-16 ..	¾
Egypt Oil Trust "A" .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	4¾ ..	5
General Properties of Trinidad .. £1 ..	5/- ..	¼ pm. ..	¼ pm.
G.M. Oilfields .. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	4 ..	3
International Maikop .. .. 5/- ..	5/- ..	5/- pm. ..	⅛ pm.
Lobitos .. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	36/6 xr ..	31/-
London and Maikop Corp. .. £1 ..	2/6 ..	9-16 pm. ..	¼ pm.
Maikop and Gen. Trust .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	1 pm. ..	¼ pm.
" Seles .. .. .. 10/- ..	10/- ..	1 ..	13-16
" Valley .. .. .. £1 ..	5/- ..	¼ pm. ..	3-16 pm.
Nigeria Bitumen .. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	1¼ ..	1 7-16
Oil Trust .. .. .. 2/- ..	6d. ..	10½d. pm. ..	6d. pm.
Petroleum Options .. .. .. 1/- ..	1/- ..	3/6 ..	2/3
Shell Transport Ord. .. .. £1 ..	£1 ..	93/- ..	92/6
Spies Petroleum .. .. .. 10/- ..	10/- ..	30/6 ..	29/6
Standard Oil "B" .. .. 1/- ..	1/- ..	1⅛ ..	⅞
" "A" .. .. 2/- ..	2/- ..	7/6 ..	5/-
Trinidad Western Oilfields .. 2/- ..	2 ..	5/6 ..	3/6

The general opinion remains very favourable to the better-class Maikop Companies, which are expected to do remarkably well, so that with a more general rally, the shares should be well to the fore. Just now this section is somewhat overshadowed by the issue of the great Mexican Eagle Oil Company, Ltd., but this being in the powerful hands of Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, should really prove a source of strength to the market in view of the remarkable scale upon which production will be carried on at once, thus co-operating in placing at the disposal of the shipping and railway industries that large and regular supply without which they are unable to adopt oil as fuel.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS DEPRESSED—RHODESIANS ALSO HIT BY THE SAD EVENT, BUT AN IMPORTANT RECOVERY IN PROGRESS.

Just why South African Gold Mining shares should have suffered from severe depression owing to the death of King Edward it is difficult to see. They had just settled down to steady business with the prospect of greater activity in the near future, when the news of the King's illness caused universal depression. Yet there is no fear of gold falling in price or being in less demand, while both from the Rand and from Rhodesia the news is very favourable. It is not surprising, therefore, that a substantial recovery has already set in. As regards the high-class Kaffir shares, the yield at present prices is so satisfactory—from 8 to 15 per cent. per annum being obtainable, according to the length of life of the mines—that it is difficult to find other stocks with such a return offering equal safety. Then, again, the large mining combinations now working up to producing point are still to be obtained at very moderate price, notably Randfontein Central, now quoted 2 13-16, and Randfontein South at 2 5-16. The former will have its huge reduction plant at work at the end of the year, when the dividend should be 30 per cent. Randfontein South will by that time also have completed the additional machinery, and similar results will then also be obtained. These shares are, to my mind, the best purchase among the big combines, although the City Deep and the Cinderella Deep will eventually run them close. The shares in the Modder Leases (Government Mines) have been most unduly depressed to 1½. Yet two seven-compartment shafts of 2,000 ft. in the line of contour, and two of 3,000 ft. are to be constructed forthwith. The Transvaal Government, by the way, is considering the advisability of granting further mining leases in the Eastern Rand. A further increase in the supply of native labour during April is reported. By the way, New Albion shares, which I mentioned the other day at 3s., have now advanced to 3s. 6d., and will go a good deal higher. According to a circular just issued by the directors they have under the advise and with the assistance of the Company's representatives at Barberton, secured a block of ground comprising about 12 claims forming the eastern extension of the Albion Mine. This ensures an extenson of another 1,700 feet on the strike of the reef. Some small prospecting shafts have been sunk on the six claims nearest the Albion workings, most of them showing gold.

Some Rhodesians, having been strongly on the upgrade, felt the news of the sad event all the more, especially Shamva Mines, which dropped from 5 3-16 to 4 15-16, the remaining mines of this class following suit, but these are all improving again. Excellent news is to hand from the New Found Out (the subsidiary of the London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Co., of Messrs. Lewis and Marks), two sections north of the shaft assaying 10 dwt. over 42 ins. and 12 dwt. over 44 ins. Rhodesian Mines Trust at 17s. have not so far been benefited by the pending flotation of a subsidiary, and Gold Schists have reacted to 1 13-16. Globe and Phœnix and others of that ilk felt the depression severely, and Rhodesian Bankets dropped to 2 7-16, in spite of the announcement of an interim dividend of 15 per cent. In West Africans, Prestea Block "A" had risen to 34s. 6d., Prestea Mines to 11s., on the impending amalgamation and commencement of crushing, but the sad news caused a relapse to 32s. 6d. and 9s. 9d. respectively. From this they have again recovered to 33s. 9d. and 10s. 3d. respectively, and there is evidently a big rise coming. Carmen Mines of El Oro is almost the only mining share that has advanced materially, from 18s. to 1—1⅛ on. The shaft is now being sunk 1,200 ft. to reach the sulphide zone, which is very rich in the neighbouring El Oro, Esperanza and Mexico of El Oro Mines.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) *Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) *Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

(3) *Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

(4) *In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

(5) *If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

NUTRIOLA CO.—DONO.—I regret being unable to give you any information with regard to this concern, as it does not even appear in the usual books of reference. Try a registered letter to them, and if it is not returned you will be certain that they have got it. The matter certainly looks fishy.

UNION JACK.—J. J.—There are already two companies with similar titles. One is the Union Jack Consolidated Mines, registered in London and owning a Charters Towers Mine. The other is the Union Jack of Rhodesia, Limited, registered in London to acquire mining claims in Southern Rhodesia.

£200 FOR INVESTMENT.—CRACK.—(1) Why not put this sum into Western Australian 3½ per cent. Bonds at 98? (2) Only for quite small amounts.

AMALGAMATED PROPS.—NOVICE.—These shares should go distinctly better along with any general recovery in Rhodesians, but I cannot tell you what price will be reached. These shares are of 5s. each. No dividends have yet been paid, but the Company possesses many valuable assets.

SOUTH AFRICANS.—DANDY.—All three shares are very promising, while the pick of the bunch are Chartereds. Hold. As regards No. 4, it would be advisable to defer a purchase pending further news from the mine.

VARIOUS.—SLATE.—(1) No option but to hold. (2) Ditto. (3) Liptons are a promising Industrial. (4) I do not like this concern at all. I would not like to predict with regard to their course in the immediate future.

Investment of £4,000.—F. J. P.—(1) I send what you require in your envelope. (2) As regards the investment of £4,000, there is no doubt that the money could be invested to the greatest advantage in Colonial Government bonds, which are gilt-edged, and give a return ranging up to 3¾ per cent. per annum. If you wish it, I shall be pleased to give you a suitable list.

Investment of £40.—G. H. C.—Home Rails might suit you, or dividend-paying Kaffir shares, and your broker can advise you.

Rubber and Tobacco Estates.—Sceptic.—Sell as soon as you get a fair profit.

Subscription Rates.—W. McG. (Co. Tyrone).—As you will see from John Bull, the annual rate of subscription is 6s. 6d. What you require has been forwarded.

Roumanian Petroleum Shares.—W. M. (Wantage).—There are two of these Roumanian Petroleum Companies, and I prefer the Anglo-Roumanian, which you apparently have bought.

Maikop Oil Shares.—Bramble.—This is one of the numerous indifferent Maikop oil concerns, whose shares are quite nominal at par. Take any small profit when you can get it.

St. Austell China.—Gyp.—There is at present no free market in these Industrial shares, and it would be a matter of negotiation through your broker to sell them.

Five Rubbers.—D. W. R.—You bought your shares very high up, and there is no option now but to hold on. The best on your list are Nos. 1, 3 and 5.

Two Rubbers.—A. J. A.—It is impossible to tell when either of these concerns will start paying dividends. That depends upon developments, which still lie in the lap of the future.

Bond System.—Sussex.—I do not like the system, and prefer dealing direct with a leading building society. H. E. R.—See reply to "Sussex."

H.I. Syndicate.—Cambridge.—There is no H.I. Syndicate in existence, and I regret, therefore, being unable to give you the desired information.

Oils, Etc.—A. B. (Streatham).—(1) These Oil shares are not amongst my particular favourites, but they might be held now for a recovery. (2) Fair Industrial preference shares; no reason to sell in a hurry. Aurum (Bristol).—(a) You got in at too high a price, but I cannot advise sale after the decline. (b) Hold both Rhodesians, which should go better before the market rights itself again. (c) Not very favourable.

Industrials, Rubbers.—A. H. B.—It might be worth while holding the first-mentioned shares for a recovery. The same applies to the two rubber shares mentioned.

Rubbers.—Fernbank.—Your plan to get rid of some of the newer shares and going into established concerns has much to commend it. The best shares on your list are Anglo-Malay, Linggis, Kamuning, Pataling, and Straits Bertam. Knowledge.—These shares will probably move along with other rubber shares, but it is impossible to tell at present when they will enter the dividend list. X. Y. Z. (Smethwick).—Yes, take an early opportunity to sell. Planter.—You should take an early opportunity to sell these shares; the contract seems to be all right.

New Rubber Company.—Van Fawr.—I advise you to stick to the established companies, which can always stand the strain of a setback much better than such new, and often obscure, concerns, in whose shares there is but a nominal market.—A. R. D.—(1) I cannot advise with regard to this new rubber company until I see the prospectus. (2) By power of attorney, presumably. E. H. (Manchester).—Having applied for the shares, you have no option but to pay up the calls on whatever number is allotted to you, or you can be sued for the same.

Uncalled Liability.—Barnacore.—Your best plan would be to write to the Secretary of Lloyds, Fenchurch Street, E.C., and ask him to put you in communication with a suitable firm.

Merlimaus.—M. D.—Merlimaus are 2s. shares, fully paid, and at the time of writing the quotation is about 7s. They are a fair risk amongst the lower-priced rubber shares, but, of course, subject to fluctuations with the rest of the market.

Four Investments.—Reader (Glasgow).—Your choice of four investments is a good one, allowing for a certain element of speculation in Canadian Pacifics (1) and Babcock and Wilcox (3). Suitable South Africans for a speculation are Randfontein Central, Harmony Props., and Amalgamated Props.

Tasmanian Copper Company.—Adam.—This company has been a great disappointment, and it looks almost like throwing more good money after bad to join the new company.

Industrials, Etc.—P. W.—(1) A steady dividend-paying concern, but with little prospect of any appreciation in capital value. (2) A fair Industrial. (3) Ditto. (4) On the downgrade, and not advisable; moreover, no market quotation. (5) Doing fairly well, but obviously speculative. (6) The dividend is being regularly paid, but these preference shares are to a certain extent speculative. (7) All prosperous institutions. (8) Already very high, and the meeting was not very encouraging. (9) I do not recommend a purchase. Why not add some of the leading Home Rails to your list?

Fanti Mines.—Sorely Perplexed.—Prestea Mines have undoubtedly the greatest possibilities, but that does not mean that Fanti Mines are not also promising, and, having held so long, I cannot advise you to part with the latter now. As regards other hints, consult my articles.

Premium Bonds.—Petersfield.—Have nothing to do with this firm, they will not deal fairly with you. I send you name of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and whom you will certainly find honest. G. H. Dec.—Same reply. (1) I do not like the Rubber shares (1). The Kali Glazia shares (2) stand at a small premium, which you should take. (3) Malayalams are a fair rubber company, but if you are a holder you might take your profit. W. H. H. (Cork), and Derstus (Chryston).—Same reply as to Premium Bonds. A. H.—Same reply. These are bearer bonds, which cannot be registered. The banker will give all explanations. New Reader (Weymouth).—Do not deal with those people, and do not go into the instalment system. The London banker will explain. A. P. M.—Same reply. With regard to your Rubber shares, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5, should be held. I do not care for 3, 6, 7 or 9. H. B. (Leeds).—Yes, this is the firm I can recommend as thoroughly reliable. (2) Through them.

Rhodesians and Murchison.—Wrangler.—You must always take care that when you see small gambles mentioned in John Bull you should buy at once, or not at all, or if you send an order, give the stockbroker a limit, as very often these shares are then pushed beyond their real value. As regards No. 1, there is every prospect of an improvement. I do not think much of No. 2, but No. 3 also should go better, but it is quite useless to deal on margins in such shares with outside brokers. The only way is to deal with a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, and plunk the money down.

Rejong and Other Rubbers.—Lamptonian.—(1) Why did you not sell your Kepong Rubber shares when you had a good profit? They are now 7, but might go better, when you should take your profit. I do not think much of No. 2 or 3 (Jabong, Java). There is no price at present. (4) London and Maikop Oil Corporation shares have kept their price best of the Maikop shares, although they are somewhat below their purchase price. Hold these by all means for a recovery. They ought eventually to go much higher. (5) Outside brokers. Have nothing to do with them. (6) Quite so.

Mines, Industrials.—M. H. B.—Randfontein South and Randfontein Central are equally promising. Both the Industrials in question are promising, but particularly the latter.

Sahang Rubbers.—Anxioso.—You have been foolish to go into Sahang Rubber shares, which are standing at a considerable discount. Perhaps they may rally somewhat, and your broker will advise you.

Rhodesians, Rubbers.—A. R. E.—Hold your various shares, Nos. 1 to 8, for a general recovery. All are fair holdings of their kind, with the exception, perhaps, of Nos. 1 and 8, which are more than usually speculative.

Four Rubbers.—Royston.—It is impossible to fix any definite selling limits, but the four shares mentioned are amongst the pick of the bunch, and there should be no reason why you should sell at a loss.

Outside Brokers.—Worsley.—I have repeatedly stated that dealing with such outside brokers usually ends in a loss to the client, but they certainly should hand back to you the 17s. 6d. balance, and you ought peremptorily to insist upon this. For the rest, I must refer you to my article. X. Y. Z. (Leytonstone).—You should not deal with outside broker concerns like No. 3, but only with a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange. I must refer you to my article as to what shares to buy. You should be able to buy No. 2 somewhat lower. The Bank mentioned by you is a small one, and high rates of deposit naturally do not spell security. G. B. (Chester.)—I still hold the views already expressed, and I cannot undertake to advise upon the standing of outside brokers. Namesake.—Both these concerns are nothing more nor less than "bucket shops," and you should give them a wide berth. F. A. (Bath).—I do not think you will ever see your money back, and the experience should teach you not to deal with such dubious people again. Anxious.—(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) No; you would be throwing good money after bad. In future, do not deal with these "bucket shops." Welsh Butcher.—You must be aware by now that I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. F. N. S. (Redditch).—See previous reply to "Welsh Butcher."

Bukit Rajah.—Lotus.—(1) Bukit Rajah are a good investment, but they also suffered during the relapse, and now stand at £19. You had better hold on the chance of a further improvement. (2) I do not like Ancobra Rubber.

Small Investments.—Looker (East Ham).—As the amount you propose to invest is only small—£20 to £25—the best thing would be to withdraw the money from the P.O. Savings Bank, and have it ready to pay to the stockbroker. I do not like Bibi-Eybat Oil, but you will find hints in my article, and your stockbroker will advise you. R. McC.—Only for very small amounts, for reasons which should be obvious. J. R. L. R.—Instead of the proposed investments, why not put your money into gilt-edged Colonial Government Bonds, yielding up to 3¾ per cent. per annum, and having the advantage of being readily marketable, should you ever find yourself in need of the money at short notice?

Oil Trust.—Rat.—These shares have recovered to a premium, and you should bear in mind that profits are always worth taking.

£500 for Investment.—Cymro.—I advise you to put your money into sound gilt-edged securities, such as Colonial Government Bonds, where you can obtain up to nearly 3¾ per cent. per annum with absolute safety.

Small Building Society.—C. S. B.—No information is available regarding this concern, and you would be well advised to go to one of the leading building societies, such as the Birkbeck, Temperance, or the National Freehold.

Oil Shares.—Strathspey.—All these concerns are obviously highly speculative, and profits are always worth taking when you can get them. (1) The quotation is only about par, so that in any case you will have to wait. (2) No quotation; and it would be advisable to realise when an opportunity offers. (3) Ditto. (4) Quoted at a slight premium, but I doubt if you could get more than about par for these.

Mine, Etc.—Dicky.—(1) The chief argument against a purchase of these shares is that there is no market for them in London. (2) Only for very small sums.

Havana Oil.—Rhydwen.—This seems to be a fair proposition, but, obviously, highly speculative. I always consider that a profit is worth taking, although in the present case it is too small yet.

Mining Share.—Alpha (Loughborough).—I do not advise a purchase of these shares, for the reason chiefly that they are not marketable. Of course have nothing to do with the people mentioned.

Building Societies.—Johnston.—I cannot take the responsibility of advising with regard to the exact status of building societies. So much depends upon what may be termed hidden factors, such as the efficiency or otherwise of the management. The depression in land has also hit many of these societies very badly.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

National Old Age Pension Trust.—S. G. (Highbury).—We see no reason to alter the position we have taken up from the outset with reference to this Trust, which is, that we do not consider it safe to assume that it can do what it undertakes to do in the way of financial assistance unless and until a competent actuary has reported to that effect.

London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Insurance Company.—X. Y. Z.—The reports to which you allude are well founded.

National Standard Life Assurance Corporation.—East End (Burdett Road).—The Company has only been doing business since 1906. We can express no opinion upon the rumour to which you refer.

Century Insurance Company.—A. M. D. (Swansea).—It is quite sound.

National Free Homes Association.—Enquirer (Manchester).—Yes, we think so.

City Life Assurance Company.—H. C. (Hayward's Heath).—We think it worth holding.

The British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Corporation.—R. C. (Seacombe).—Yours is a very hard case, but seeing that a petition to wind up the company has been lodged by bondholders, we fear there is no likelihood of the company acceding, or being able to accede, to your request to refund monies.

The British Fire Insurance Company, Limited.—E. T. (London).—It must be obvious to you that we cannot give you the confidential information affecting the company you ask for.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—Z.—The answer given to you by your solicitor indicates the position. It is not a question whether a member thinks a condition harsh; the point is whether the company does what it undertakes to do, and in this case you offer no evidence to the contrary.

NORTH TARKWA SYNDICATE, LTD.

At this Syndicate's ordinary general meeting, held on the 3rd inst, the Chairman (Mr. John C. Sanderson) stated that the properties controlled, partly in the Tarkwa district and partly in Ashanti, amounted to some 5,700 claims, of which 1,500 had been purchased, the remainder being under option. On the Kotra Verchey concession five adits had been driven, and two distinct lines of banket, varying from two feet to five feet in width, had been proved. The engineer cabled last Friday that he expected to cut another reef shortly. The Sika Bippo concession had been reported upon by four engineers, who were unanimous in their opinion that the banket reef would be found to run through the property. In Ashanti, the Syndicate had an interest in a property in Eastern Andasi, and a five square mile concession on the Abrokrum range, on which strong outcrops of banket reef were visible. By arrangement with the Fanti Syndicate, an engineer would be sent out immediately. The report was unanimously adopted, and at the extraordinary general meeting a resolution was passed for increasing the capital from £30,000 to £100,000.

The Bitter Cry of the 1910 Cyclist.

"I think it is scandalous the way the modern Bicycle is made. I for one would gladly pay £25 for a Bicycle, if it were like the old machines we used to be able to obtain in the period of the Cycling boom."

Vide Letter from "Lady Cyclist" in "Cycling," April 20th, 1910.

As these remarks display an imperfect acquaintance with the present condition of the Cycle Industry, the following facts will doubtless interest those Cyclists who read this Journal.

Since the year 1899 almost every Firm of Cycle Makers in England have taken up the manufacture of low-priced bicycles.

In consequence of this, the really high-grade trade has been largely neglected, because several grades and qualities of Bicycles cannot very well be produced from the same Factory, by the same Workmen, the same Processes, the same Materials, and the same Supervision. As a result many of the so-called High-Grade Bicycles now sold are merely low-grade machines with a little extra finish and a great deal of extra Profit. "CYCLING" issued a warning to its readers on this subject on 7th April, 1909, as follows:

HIGH PRICES FOR CHEAP BICYCLES.

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC:

It is not exaggerating facts to state that certain Cycle Agents are able to make an enormous and unjustifiable profit upon the cheapest grade of cycles turned out by well-known Manufacturers and which are sold to the public as first-grade Machines. The practice has arisen since the introduction of the five and six guinea Bicycle, which has made possible a profit-making idea that has met with astounding success. The Agent buys a cheap-grade Machine of a well-known make, and which, at £6, would give him a very fair return for his money. Then he substitutes a pair of high-grade tyres, like Palmer's, Clincher's, Moseley's, Dunlop's or any other expensive Make, and instead of a common saddle, fits a Brooks'. Then the Machine is labelled—

"First-Grade————————————,"

and very soon finds a purchaser at £10 10s., or even £12 12s., whereas its highest value would not exceed £7. This practice is becoming EXCEEDINGLY COMMON, and the public should take the utmost precaution to see that they are not made party to such a profit-making Scheme.

There is, therefore, a good deal to be said for "Lady Cyclist's" Complaint.

She appears, however, to be unaware that there is one firm of Cycle Makers who have not bowed the Knee to the Baal of Price Cutting.

John Marston Ltd., Makers of Sunbeam Cycles with the Little Oil Bath Gear Case, have during the past 15 years never Manufactured a Bicycle to retail below £12 12s. At the time when Cycle Makers were daily reducing their prices, the Makers of the Sunbeam publicly pledged themselves to maintain the quality and finish of their Machines and to have nothing to do with the low-class trade.

This Policy has been faithfully carried out.

As a consequence, the Bicycle with the Little Oil Bath occupies to-day an entirely unique position in the cycle trade.

Those who wish to buy a cycle of the same quality as of old, can still do so if they purchase a Sunbeam.

These Bicycles have not merely retained all the old quality and finish, but they have added to them the very latest improvements. A brief survey of the 1910 Sunbeam Catalogue, sent free, on application to J. Marston, Ltd., 21, Sunbeamland, Wolverhampton, entirely confirms this statement. We read there of the Gear Case that really does exclude all dust and grit from the Chain and Driving Bearings, and of the invaluable Little Oil Bath inside it. The Little Oil Bath Components, and the whole system whereby the Bicycle is designed to oil its own Driving Bearings are fully described and illustrated. So are the Sunbeam Two and Three-Speed Gears, which are specially adapted for this continuous lubrication, and made with that nicety of finish and adjustment that can only be obtained at a factory from which all common work has been rigorously excluded.

The Patent Divided Axle for simplifying Tyre Repair, and the admirable Brake System, not to mention a host of smaller details, further help to place this Bicycle in a class alone, different to any other in the whole world.

The Sunbeam Cycle upholds the best traditions of English Manufacture—"the Catalogue of its Endowments" should be obtained by all good class Cyclists this season.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

THE GROWTH OF THE LEAGUE.
By the Secretary.

In the words of our now famous Song, the League "has come to stay." We were convinced of it after the wonderful demonstration at the Albert Hall in London on Trafalgar Day, it has been forced home upon us at every great meeting we have held since, and, our Spring campaign has shown us that the time has indeed arrived for such an organisation. As we said last week, we can find no halls in the country large enough for our meetings. It is always the same story—immediately the doors open there is an eager rush for seats, with the result that in a few minutes the cry is "Standing room only." Curious people may ask what brings these great audiences together? Some say that the reputation of the President as a platform speaker, his unique method of dealing with questions and problems of the day, his fearlessness in attacking the anomalies and hypocrisies of public life have something to do with it. But when we find Cabinet Ministers of world-wide reputation, with all the great power of the great Party press and organisations behind them, barely filling mission halls and school rooms, we are forced to the conclusion that there is something else to account for the unparalleled enthusiasm which has characterised our campaign. The great thinking public are beginning to recognise that they have been fooled long enough by Party politicians; they are growing weary of Party strife and Party platitudes. They are waking up to the fact that the Party game is played out, and so they are welcoming an organisation which has for its ultimate object the only possible alternative—a Common-Sense Business Government for a Common-Sense Business People. To educate public opinion, however, it is necessary to shatter many of its idols. The House of Commons, for instance, is still regarded with awe and wonder by many; its members, however, in nine cases out of ten, are but sheep, driven into the Division lobbies by the Party whips, unwilling or incapable of expressing any opinion of their own upon the many and important questions with which, in their capacity as legislators, they are called upon to deal. The League will have done good work if it has only opened the eyes of electors to these shortcomings, with the result that Parliamentary representatives will be called upon to give an intelligent and business-like account of their stewardship. They will no longer be misled by the number of divisions in which their member has taken part; they will want to know *why* he voted, not how many times he voted. Evidently they are beginning to realise that the House of Commons is the Business Office of the Nation. In short, we think we are waking them up.

And now a few words as to our organisation. We have found the work of marshalling our battalions, of officering our army a larger task than we had anticipated. It is taking time, but we are not idle. We have appointed over 150 Local Secretaries, each of whom we are supplying with a Local Register, and upon whom will fall the task of organising Local Committees with Local Officers. Already we have several active branches, holding regular weekly meetings to criticise local administration and other matters of interest. So far as it is possible, it is the intention of the President to visit every important centre in the Kingdom and stimulate the Branches, and, long before our first annual meeting on the 21st of October next, at the Royal Albert Hall, we shall have demonstrated to the world the fact that in the John Bull League there has arisen a great public movement, whose influence will be felt far and wide.

THE LIVERPOOL MEETING.

Arrangements in connection with this meeting are well advanced, and the Local Secretary, Mr. J. Holden-Berry, Victoria Chambers, 60, Victoria Street, Liverpool, will be glad to hear from members willing to assist.

A £100 Banknote will be given

as the first prize in an interesting competition open to purchasers of a

"C" Size SPARKLET SYPHON

(price 4/-)

¶ It is the largest syphon on the market.

¶ It only costs twopence to fill.

¶ It makes the purest aerated water obtainable.

You fill the Syphon with plain water and with a "Prana" Sparklet "C" bulb you convert that plain water into deliciously sparkling "sodawater" in less time than it takes you to make a cup of tea.

¶ In order to make this New Syphon and Bulbs widely known, we offer purchasers the opportunity of competing for the following cash prizes:—

1st Prize, £100;
2nd Prize, £25; 3rd Prize, £5;
and 100 Free Boxes of "C" Bulbs as consolation prizes. £20 will be divided amongst the dealers from whom the winners of the three cash prizes purchased their syphons—we do not supply direct. Closing date June 30th, 1910. Send now for full particulars on this

COUPON.

Please send me further particulars and entry form for your £100 prize competition. This application does not in any way bind me to enter for the competition or to purchase.

Name .....

Address .....

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OUR PRIVATE THEATRE.

LITTLE PLAYS WITH TOPICAL PLOTS.

By Richard Morton.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

Scene 1.—*The Aerodrome of M. Poleaxe, the famous French Flying Man. He is putting his triplane together.*

Poleaxe: It is the last day to be in time for the quarter of a million pounds prize offered by the *Daily Female* to the first person who shall fly from London to Jericho and back. And I, even I, am the one to flee so as to touch the cheque. Ha, ha! and how I have befooled these beloved English people! My machine arrived only this morning, by parcels post, and I did weep and tear my whiskers and say to the penny-a-liners and the ink-slingers that it would take me three months to put the machine together. And they did believe me and put it in print, and lo! here is my trusty triplane all complete and ready for the trip. (*Calls to one of his Myrmidons.*) What oh! Art thou there?

Myrmidon (*entering*): No, I am here.

Poleaxe: Then, avaunt thee, and give notice to the wide wide world that I have gone to Jericho.

Myrmidon: Then thou art off? Well, "so long." But to convey thy message to the whole world will cost a mint of money.

Poleaxe: Knave, preach no false economy to me. Spread the tidings broadcast, even though it costs sixpence for a tannergram. Throw wide the gates. See, I fly!

The triplane sails out at the gates, mounts up and ever upward until it disappears in the offing, or the ewigkeit.

* * * *

Scene 2.—*A Bedroom at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Jones, the famous English aviator, sound asleep and snoring.*

Boots (*knocking*): Fire, fire! Get up quick!

Jones (*dreamily*): Did somebody mention fire?

Boots: Yes, the whole place is ablaze—with excitement. Poleaxe started three hours ago.

Jones: Say you so? Then I must get a move on. Tell the men to have the machine ready.

Boots: They say Poleaxe has already reached Jerusalem.

Jones: I wish he wouldn't be in such a beastly hurry.

* * * *

Scene 3.—*Same as Scene 1. There is a whirring and a humming in the air; then, enter* Poleaxe *on his triplane.*

Poleaxe: Victory! The job it is done. I have performed the fly, and here I am again, like unto the bad penny. And now to send in my leetle bill to the *Daily Female.*

Mme. Poleaxe: And you will remember that sealskin coat you did promise me, and the diamond bangle? Ah, it is sweet to see you home again in all this safety.

Poleaxe: Ah, my precious, it is the great enjoyment to try to break my neck, is it not? But it is all for you, and for my country; and just a little for my pocket. Can anyone tell me the news of Mr. Jones?

Journalist: Yes. He flew around for quite a considerable time in the darkness of the night, but somehow did not seem to catch you up. He was at length obliged to come down, and did so under the impression that he was in Jerusalem. But he found himself in Maida Vale, which is almost the same thing.

Poleaxe: Ah, he is the brave and intrepid man, that Mr. Jones of yours. He is magnificent.

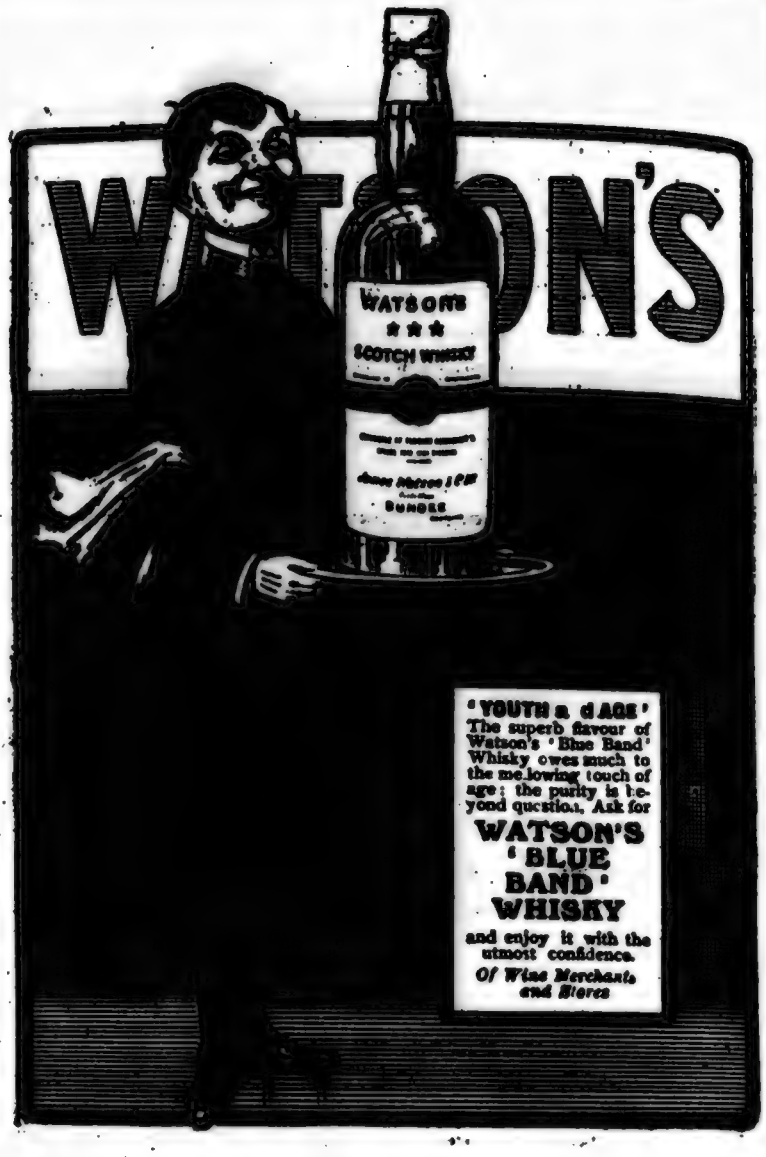
* * * *

Scene 4.—*Banqueting Hall of the Grand Hotel. A Luncheon and Presentation to* M. Poleaxe *in progress. The Editor of the "Daily Female" hands the Flying Man a cheque for a quarter of a million, enclosed in the hollow of a large diamond.*

Editor: I kinder guess it's my jooty, as Editor of this great British newspaper, to hand you the goods. You've done the trick, and you've done it proper, and up to the nines. Bully for you. Shake. You are a peach.

Poleaxe: It grieves me to the heart to accept of this little tribute. I think, really, it ought to go to Mr. Jones, and not to me. But I place it in my pocket and say hip—hoorah! for the English nation.

The French Ambassador (*kissing him on the nose*): My brave compatriot!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'YOUTH and AGE'
The superb flavour of Watson's 'Blue Band' Whisky owes much to the mellowing touch of age: the purity is beyond question. Ask for
WATSON'S
'BLUE BAND'
WHISKY
and enjoy it with the utmost confidence.
Of Wine Merchants and Stores

IF you have not tried a QUARTER-SIZE collar, do so now.

'Summits' are made in quarter-sizes—four sizes to the inch: you choose a size to fit your shirtband snugly and securely, and to stay so all day. ¶ Write for the 'Summit' booklet, now.

The shape illustrated is Summit 35

SIX *for Three shillings*: samples 6½d.: we pay postage.

Depths 1¾in., 1¾in., 2in. and in all sizes.

AUSTIN REED

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207

MEXICAN EAGLE OIL COMPANY, Ltd.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that there is a very sound foundation for the oil industry in the coming use of oil for the navies, mercantile marines, and railways of the world. It would have been introduced much more generally already as fuel for such purposes if it had been possible to be assured of an adequate supply. The various discoveries of oilfields in different parts of the world are now supplying this remaining condition, and one of the most important factors will undoubtedly be the oil production of Mexico, which is now entering the lists in the shape of the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, Limited. This company, which has been placed before the public this week, is the most important oil-producing company as yet formed. It has acquired, with a capital of $30,000,000 Mexican, the oil concessions and oil interests held by S. Pearson and Son, Limited, in Mexico, including five concessions of the exclusive right to exploit for oil over 75,000 square miles, 200,000 acres of oil leases and a large array of freehold property and other assets. The enterprise has, with great outlay, been brought to the producing point. Hitherto it was a distributing company, now it will be a great producer. Wells have been sunk and good oil has been struck in two large districts, and Dr. C. W. Hayes, the chief United States Government Geologist (by special permission of the U.S. Government) has reported most favourably on these. It was, of course, an exceptional concession made by the U.S. Government to allow the Chief Geologist of its geological survey to report on these properties of a commercial enterprise, and this concession would not have been given to any American company. He confined himself to the Potrero del Llano district (45,000 acres), and the Tanguijo and San Marcos district (58,000 acres), but on another district, the Dos Bocas (51,000 acres), Sir Boverton Redwood, the well-known expert, had reported, and these leases were acquired on his advice. The presence of large quantities of oil there has, of course, been proved already by a fire of a great well, by which about a million tons of oil were burned. These are the three districts now being developed, and the other districts will be developed as may be found necessary. In fact, Sir Boverton Redwood writes on April 20th, 1910, that from his intimate knowledge of the work which has been carried out, he is satisfied that a practically unlimited quantity of oil is obtainable from the company's leases. The company is also constructing a pipe-line to the port of Tuxpam, where it will be connected with the ship-loading pipe-line owned by the company, while the port of Tampico in the north is also to be connected by a pipe-line. This will enable a very large export trade to be carried on, in addition to local retail trade. According to estimates in the prospectus, the production, conservatively placed at 780,000 tons a year, should represent a profit of £507,000, or say 16 per cent. on the capital of the company, to which has to be added some £120,000 for estimated profits on retail trade. A contract to supply the Mexican Railway Company with oil fuel has already been secured. The high standing of S. Pearson and Son, Limited, and a directorate, which includes Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bart., and nine high Mexican Government officials and leading bank or railway directors, provides every guarantee and it may be mentioned that one of the directors, Señor E. C. Creel, Governor of the State of Chihuahua, has just been appointed Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs. To have the Government's support is, of course, an enormous advantage in Mexico, and this company, controlling an area covering public lands equal to the whole of England and Wales, therefore starts under the most favourable auspices, and the 850,000 fully paid 8 per cent. preferred ordinary shares of $10 each, issued at par, *i.e.*, £1 0s. 6d. per share (ranking equally for further dividend after the ordinary have received 8 per cent.), will, it is believed, go to a very considerable premium.

MARK TWAIN
and a serious book.

That Mark Twain could be serious is well known to those at least who have read his polemic against Mrs. Eddy and her teachings; but what is not so well known is that he took a deep interest in all questions concerning the difficulties of religious belief. For instance, during his last short and busy stay in England he found time to study "THE CHURCHES AND MODERN THOUGHT,"* and to write to the author stating how much this work had impressed him. Subsequently his secretary wrote saying that he had never seen Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) so interested in a book, and that during the return voyage he had tried in vain to borrow it, Mr. Clemens being engrossed in reading it for the THIRD TIME.

* Has gone through three large editions, and of the fourth 5,000 copies have been sold during the past eight weeks. 432 large pages, bold print, in paper cover 6d., cloth 3s. 6d. and 6s., of all booksellers, or from Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London. (Inland postage in each case 3d.)

NORWAY

For richness of tone and variety of tint the scenery of Norway is unsurpassed.

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The fiction of yesterday is rapidly becoming the fact of to-day For the past two years Rubber has held the sway, and "**After Rubber—Oil**" was the motto. It is now Rubber and Oil, and the time is fast approaching when it will be "**Oil and Rubber.**"

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The Race for Wealth.

The saying that "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long" savours of travesty. Experience shows that in the four quarters of the globe man (not forgetting woman) wants a great deal—far more, in point of fact, than he can ever hope to obtain. There is scarcely a millionaire who does not seek to augment his wealth—from which it is obvious that covetousness is an instinct common to humanity. It is an instinct that characterises every individual in every walk of life, and acts as an impelling force, according as ambition and social status direct. And so it happens that, whatever one's income, one is like Oliver Twist, always crying for more. To that extent, then, we are all Socialists. The poor must extract what comfort they have from the knowledge that "he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." But there is still hope. The new system of insurance introduced recently affords the possibility of appreciable gain without the remotest risk of loss. It has been popularised by the First Dutch Insurance Co., Ltd., whose offices are at 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C. It is an ordinary insurance policy, numbered in the same way as a ticket in the Netherlands State Lottery. If the latter draws a prize the policyholder is in the same fortunate position. But, while the owner of a ticket loses his principal on drawing a blank, the policy-holder's chance continues uninterruptedly till he has received £1,000 in Profits, when his policy lapses. The remarkable feature of this attractive and actuarially sound scheme is that every policy issued under it is redeemable at par in any event and becomes a security on which the company will advance up to three-fourths of its nominal value. In a word—this Insurance marks the progress of the age. As a special guarantee for English policy-holders, we are informed the Company has deposited with the London and South Western Bank, Ltd., over £20,000 worth of securities.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Dressing in Character.

Nowadays you can tell a smart woman from a non-smart one by almost one thing only—whether or not her hat has a character of its own. For that matter, the same truth applies to a dress, but just now it is particularly applicable to one's hat. The hat which is undecided whether to be large or small; the hat which combines several uncertain colours; the hat which concedes to prejudice here and bursts out into splendour there, is doomed. A woman of fashion must decide what exactly her *tout ensemble* is to represent, and what idea it is to convey, as certainly as an actress who is playing a character part must. And having decided she must keep her hair-dressing and all her "finishings" in line with the whole. This rule—it is an instinct with some women—is the sole secret of success; and the breaking of it by people who *will* tumble into clothes got anyhow at sales is the main reason for failure. What some of the smart clothes of to-day express may be dubious as a mental pose, but still, if the thing is done well, it wins its due regard. For instance, the immense, disc-like hats, perfectly flat, and hanging over the shoulders at the back and on to the brows in front, which have suddenly become such a rage, certainly seem to express the last stages of vacancy. Nobody expects brains under them. They seem to declare the wearer a dressy noodle, as though the fact were proclaimed in black and white on their backs.

On Brighton front the other morning I beheld the spectacle of a smart girl shouted at and hooted violently by some noisy youths for wearing such a hat. The man with her looked uncomfortable, and she herself faintly surprised, but they were obliged to run the gauntlet with the best face they could muster. Yet it is possible that she took this manifesto entirely in the way of a compliment.

Ribbon Flowers.

Talking of hats, how pretty the new embroidered roses are on a certain style of mob-cap headgear, and what an opportunity they offer to girls who are clever at "Broderie Anglaise"—as most people know, raised flowers made of narrow ribbon. I saw a very pretty bell-shaped hat of fine black lace with a rather broad band of blue satin round it upon which were embroidered small roses in shaded ribbons, from two tints of dull pink to mastic and old-gold. The leaves were also of the shaded (green) ribbon, and only the connecting stalks or branch was worked in silks in the usual way. The effect was very quaint, especially on that particular kind of hat, and the same idea could be carried out in a design of double cherry-blossoms, done in white ribbon with green leaves, on a blue ground. It is a chance for fancy needlewomen.

The Drawing-room Grievance.

Some social fairy seems to have waved her wand over our drawing-rooms and in a mysterious whisper forbidden the subject of servants' faults to be discussed in public. It is a curious, but certain fact that you now hardly ever hear this horror brought forth in the name of conversation where women are congregated together; and yet, even a year ago, you were liable to be cornered by a flushed and blinking lady and treated to a passionate harangue on the wickedness of the domestic race, her own staff in particular. She was determined, unpitying. If you weakly murmured something about your own servants being good and satisfactory, she flew at you with claws outstretched (metaphorical) and with blazing eyes said, "Then they must rule you! Servants will only stay with mistresses they can bully." I met this sort of person not once but several times. I can't say I ever argued with her. It wasn't worth it. But I considered her a being who ought to have been labelled at "At Homes" with a ticket saying "Servant Mad!" for the sake of the other visitors. But who has silenced her? For she is silent, quite suddenly. Public opinion seems to have turned dead against her, and possibly she is shunned as a leper directly she raises the querulous cry. I know women whose husbands' profession obliges them to live in difficult districts in which to keep servants—the wives of doctors and civic officials, etc., living, perforce, in poor parts of towns—who really do have to face hard household problems, but who never mention them. One has given up the maid-servant idea, and has a man and his wife to do the work, with particularly good results. The man is good for a thousand duties that a parlour-maid would refuse to do, and makes an excellent pseudo-butler when wanted. Another has two middle-aged sisters, an artisan's widow and an ex-dressmaker, who work contentedly together, are willing to wear caps on duty, and can be safely left in full charge of things. Whatever be the reason, it is a good thing that our housekeepers are at last learning to face this problem, like many others, in silence. It is far more likely so to be solved.

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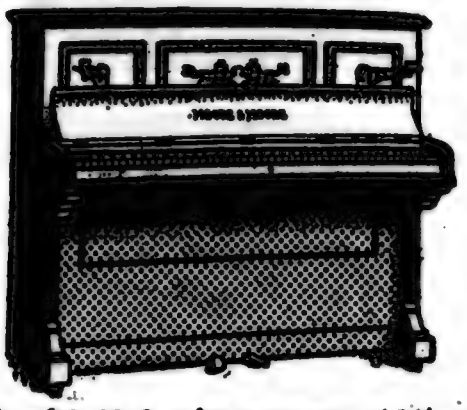

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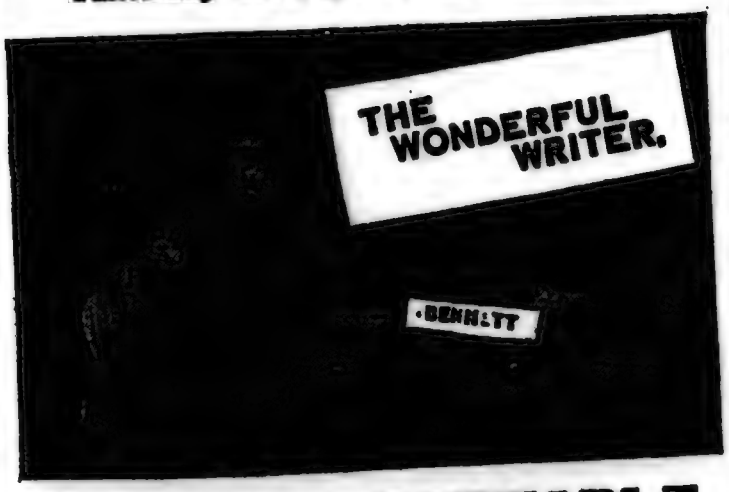

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Parasites."

Upon my word and honour I tried hard *not* to, I did indeed, but it was useless, my head began to wobble, my eyelids drooped, I felt myself going, going, and gradually I fell into a restless, painful slumber, only to be brought back to earth again by a watchful attendant who tapped me on the shoulder and enquired anxiously, "Excuse me, but aren't you well?"

I smiled at her, glanced reproachfully at the stage of the Globe Theatre, and dropped off again, and it was not until Harold Grimston started conducting his charming orchestra that I was once more fully awakened, and my senses restored.

Of all the intensely soporific plays I have ever had the bad luck to sit out, commend me to "Parasites," and as a cure for insomnia I can strongly advocate a visit to the Globe.

And yet when I saw "La Rabouilleuse" in Paris I remember I was vastly entertained by Emile Fabre's intriguing play. But oh, is there no manager here to-day who can teach English people the meaning of the word "character"? Outside A. E. George as the foolish, vain old man, who believes that the adventuress, Flora Brazier, cares for *him*, and not for his money, there is little or no idea of any distinctive "type."

Arthur Bourchier is noisy and ineffective as Mr. George's nephew, and Constance Collier a mere figure of a woman—very pretty to look upon certainly, but that is all. And the character of Flora Brazier is just as subtle, as scheming, and as diabolically cunning as "Miladi" is in Dumas's "Three Musketeers." Flora might indeed be the twin sister of "Miladi."

No, no, in the Anglicised version of the French story, as it is acted at the Globe, the light, colour, and shade seem to have been entirely obliterated, and there is a dead level atmosphere about "Parasites" so conducive to sleep, that notwithstanding my usual enthusiasm, my word, if it hadn't been for the delicious strains of the Mustel Organ and the sweet "Celesta," I think I'd have remained in drowsyland yet.

"Helena's Path."

Really, you Brothers Hope and Gordon-Lennox, I didn't think it of you. You have done quite good work in the past, and I wouldn't have believed you capable of making such a narrow, badly-pebbled little footway as "Helena's Path."

Many a trivial play has "got there" through the brilliancy of its lines. Take, for instance, "The Importance of Being Earnest," but "Helena's Path" is absolute rubbish dramatically, without any redeeming feature. There isn't one hearty laugh in it, and the few forced titters from those inclined to be friendly, which could be heard from time to time—when I shared the regret at being present at the performance—for I was not the only one to be bored with the Hope and Lennox nonsense—caused me more sorrow than pleasure.

What is this sort of thing doing at the Repertory Theatre, anyway? It is surely the antithesis of what *ought* to be seen at the Duke of York's, and if this is the comedy that Mr. Frohman hoped to put in the bill "for a run" at his St. Martin's Lane theatre, then all I can say is that his judgment of London's public taste is not so keen as I thought it was.

To say that such a "fragment" of the "Helena's Path" description is well acted would be ridiculous. What can even actresses and actors like Irene Vanbrugh, Mary Barton, Charles Bryant and Charles Maude do with such very thread-bare material? One can only be grieved that so much talent is wasted.

"Helena's Path" will, if I mistake not, be a very short one so far as the theatre is concerned.

A Glimpse into the Future.

I am not the least bit superstitious, I do not believe in dreams, neither have I any peculiar fetish such as the majority of people rejoice in pinning to their walls or placing on their dressing-tables. Yet how do you account for these weirdly true statements, published in a certain magazine before 1900 was ended, which has given the correct month when the poor Frenchman met his death through his aeroplane collapsing, the passing away of Mark Twain, and between May the 5th and 6th the demise of a "great monarch which will affect all nations"? There are other dreadful prophecies in this same pamphlet which, if they come to pass as surely as the preceding ones have done, then—nay, let me keep silence, for the book has travelled to my hands from a land where students of the stars see strange visions, and it is well that our eyes should not dwell upon them too soon. Sufficient unto the day, etc.

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Please enrol me as a Member of the John Bull League.

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Open Letter to John Bull.

May 14, 1910.

Dear John,

Good! but we must do better, for the credit of the flag. We shall not rest content while foreign Shaving Soap makers capture the money that ought to go to pay British workmen's wages. It wouldn't be so bad if the foreign Shaving Sticks were better; but they are *not*. There is *no* foreign soap equal to the British-made "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, and it is about time you knew this fact. Don't wait for Tariff Reform, John, but start a little "preference" campaign on your own account—preference for British goods, especially when they are *better*.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Hasn't the phrase, "Poor Man's Budget," two meanings?
Is Keir Hardie on the list of "Emergency Peers"?
Will Sir C. Furness, having lost his seat, stand again?
Will Empire Day *ever* be celebrated?
Is the Liberal League dissolving because it has got into hot water?
Is "Alone I did it," Peary's motto?
Does it pay to let Kitchener get rusty?
Will the attempt to boycott Irish whisky be Scotched?
Is the Rev. R. J. Campbell of a retiring disposition?

John Burns still seems to favour Chinese pork. Why not get the Kitchen Committee to give it a trial?

The Prince of Monaco, it appears, has offended the Pope. He should know by this time, how to "play the game."

Gloom won a race at Worcester recently. A "dark horse"?

"Man is a very wonderful animal," says Mr. W. Secker. True, he can at times, be a perfect brute.

The statement in a morning paper that the announcement that Mr. Pett Ridge, the novelist, was married, caused "considerable surprise," sounds hardly complimentary.

Astronomers at Geneva are inquiring if the tail of Halley's comet has become detached from the head. Have their heads become detached from their bodies?

Mr. Hancock, the postman-artist, has had a picture accepted by the R.A. He mustn't let that discourage him.

It is suggested that beer should be sold by weight. Jim Crow will buy his by the tun.

"The Sultan Has Measles," reads a headline. Rash statement.

"The Professional Aunt," has been published. If she is related to the professional "uncle" there should be no lack of interest.

"A millionaire," was the reply of a boy asked by the Malton Guardians what he would like to be. A capital ambition.

"Parliament Bells Out of Tune," says the *Express*. Then there is discord within and without.

"Wanted: A Comedian," we read. Why only one?

"Of all subjects of study Greek is the most unsuitable to schoolboys," says Mr. T. W. Headlam. The average boy discovers this during his first term.

"Nightshade," is the name of a recent book. We presume it treats of a growing evil.

The medical officer for Surrey, who says that excess of clothing during the warm months is a common fault, couldn't have seen the popular form of blouse last year.

Curious that when a man gives a promise he can also keep it.

"Helena's Path" is the name of a new comedy. We trust it is off the beaten track.

The headline, "Fight with a Turkey," suggests that Christmas is nearer than it really is.

If, as seems probable, cycle manufacturers raise the price of bicycles, some would-be riders will not be able to.

"The more one travels the smaller the world gets," says Mr. E. Wentworth. Especially if one travels up, in a balloon.

"Why Are Welshmen Drapers?" asks a morning paper. We humbly suggest that possibly it is to get a living.

The fact that M. Paulhan's hobby is fishing, no doubt accounts for his partiality to a fly.

Dearer mackintoshes, we read. More money for the rainy day.

Vegetarians are to be catered for in a separate room at the Criterion. So that they may *vegetete-a-tete*, we presume.

For correctly placing six "beauty spots" upon four fair faces, the Erasmic Company are offering cash prizes of £300 which makes the price per spot no less than £50—a very nice price for ink, truly. "Spot the Beauty" is thus a very profitable and enjoyable pastime for those who like to try their skill in competitions. The competition is evidently "got up" as a reminder that Erasmic Soap leaves no "spots" to mar beauty's face. Be that as it may, there is no doubt of the fascination of "Spot the Beauty" as a prize competition which all may enter without paying a fee. Any chemist will supply the necessary particulars and competition form free, or these may be obtained by application to the Erasmic Company, Ltd. Warrington. (Applicant enclosing 2d. stamps will receive in addition two delightfully dainty bijou tablets of Erasmic Soap.) So get a form at once and see if you cannot be a successful "beauty-spotter" and win the first prize of £100—or one of the other 185 good cash prizes offered by the Erasmic Company, Ltd.

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Sincerely yours,
ALICE WARD.

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[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

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CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

The Editor *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

Beardall v. "John Bull."—Hearty thanks to the hundreds of readers who have forwarded us congratulations on the result of this case.

H. P. W. (Newbury).—We certainly agree with the reverend gentleman who said that his private quarrels were a personal matter.

C. J. S. (Stockwell) complains of a clergyman who objected to conversation in church. But, after all, that is a matter of taste. Some of us dislike preaching in public-houses.

"A Jew" (Glasgow) wants to know whether a man born in Scotland of Russo-Jewish parents can be deported for a criminal offence. It depends upon the offence.

F. T. (Jamaica) wants us to warn our readers against visiting Jamaica, as the cost of living is very high there, thanks to a protective tariff and to the fact of the island being overrun with rich Yankees during the winter season. He says visitors are not wanted there unless they can throw away their money, and that the climate is very unhealthy during the winter.

"Britisher" (New York City) writes at great length in favour of Protection, and adds, somewhat unnecessarily, "I am no politician."

E. P. (London, N.W.) recently went to a party and found some imitation eclairs made of wax and filled with wadding. She persuaded a friend to take one, saying they were delicious, but an injudicious bite caused disgust, and our correspondent now wants to know if this was a practical joke. She adds that "it was only done in a good spirit." But we think the insult can only be washed out in very old brandy.

"A Bullite" (Brixton) wants to know what profit the Duke of Richmond makes out of the Goodwood racecourse. We do not know how he bets.

W. H. B. (Kilburn) complains of the arbitrary treatment of alleged defaulters among the 'bus men of the London General Omnibus Company.

A. B. (Staffs.).—We do not agree that it is selfish and unbusinesslike to save the profits of middlemen, but you certainly should not encourage persons who tout cheap jewellery. When you receive an unsolicited parcel there is certainly no reason why you should trouble to pack it up and send it back.

"Zebra" (Battersea Park).—You should not bet upon such uncertainties as libel suits—but glad you won, all the same.

R. A. (Dublin).—The League hopes to stir up Dublin all in good time.

F. C. (Clapham) notices that the £10,000 cheque given by the *Daily Mail* to M. Paulhan was drawn upon the account of the Associated Newspapers' Co., Ltd., and asks us what right the directors had to give away the shareholders' money? He should apply direct to the *Daily Mail*, who will probably tell him—to mind his own business.

A. B. (Hull) wishes us to say what position Sir E. Carson occupies at the Bar, and what is his most famous case. According to Sir Edward's own estimate in the recent case of Beardall *versus* John Bull, his value is exactly one-half of our own, but we do not suppose he would like that action referred to as his most famous case.

The writer of the Journalistic Notes in the *Reporter's Magazine* has a flattering reference to our journal and our Editor, which we acknowledge with blushes.

J. H. (South Lambeth).—Mr. Bert Fry is a member of Tattersall's and the principal London Clubs, and his *bona fides* are beyond suspicion.

A. G. L. (Birmingham).—Jim Crow does not understand how you came to connect him with the picture of the man who did not use Pears' soap. He says he is more like the boy in "Bubbles."

W. M. (Cullercoats) sends us a red visiting card and wants to know whether the doctor who could not cure a common cold could cure a ham. We can say nothing about season tickets for the Abode of Love.

(*Continued on page 725*).

A Famous Actress

Mrs. Brown-Potter. *Photo: Lallie Charles.*

Exhaustion, Nerve Strain, Headache—

All over the world vast audiences have been thrilled and stirred by the rare combination of great beauty, and great genius, possessed so markedly by Mrs. Brown-Potter. To the matchless charm of womanhood, this famous actress adds a temperament which clothes itself at will with all the moods and passions of human nature. Thus the actual perfection and thoroughness of her work produce such exhaustion that Phosferine alone enables her to withstand the great emotional strain.

As great in private life as in her public career, Mrs. Brown-Potter graciously confesses she can best maintain her splendid vitality with Phosferine, and that she retains her beauty unimpaired by nervous disorders is surely an additional tribute to the "Remedy of Kings." The best precaution against languor, headache, and nervousness, says this distinguished lady, is Phosferine, and the superb energy of Mrs. Brown-Potter is proof that the famous tonic enables every man and woman to make the very best of themselves mentally and physically.

Completely prevented.

Mrs. Brown-Potter writes:—"I am both delighted and satisfied with the excellent results I have derived from Phosferine. In all my experience I have not found any tonic as beneficial and agreeable, or one that so quickly dispels the headache and languor consequent on great mental exertion. To those whose temperament disposes them to feel intensely the emotions of the characters they represent, Phosferine is more than a boon, it is a necessity, as it diminishes the exhaustion and strain on the system, and renews the nerve force. After the fatigue of a long tedious journey, or of playing a particularly strenuous part like 'Madam X,' when the muscles are limp and the nerves of the whole body are quivering and jangled, there is no finer restorative than a dose of Phosferine. Unquestionably, I feel more intensely alert and vigorous after taking Phosferine, and consider its unfailing efficacy deserving of the widest publicity. If anything can add to my own appreciation, it is the fact that my mother enjoys splendid health and an entire freedom from influenza and neuralgia ever since she began to take Phosferine."—April 7, 1910.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Sciatica	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE REMEDY OF KINGS.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family	H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. The King of Spain
H.M. the Queen of Roumania	The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

(ON SPECULATIVE ACCOUNTS ONLY)

£367,200

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £. S. D.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

Methods are a great factor in Business Life. There is a vital difference in people and in business ways A little money is powerful in the hands of the right man. And a client's small outlay—to which liability is limited—may multiply itself many times when sent to the National Share Exchange.

The Mighty Atom.

Remember, the atom is mighty. But we don't wish you to send us any money. You may if you wish, but all we desire is to convince you that by inquiring into our methods of business—and result—you will learn that this house is solid, substantial, and profitable for clients. Hence our position as the largest and strongest firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom. This position has been attained only by our methods of business and the results achieved.

An Important Point is that we can Limit Liability to £6.

The man or woman who becomes a client after due inquiry into our standing and methods of business does so knowing that liability is always limited. That is one of the essential points of our business. Another—just as important—is this, that profits are unlimited. In those two phrases we show the advantages we offer all who are dealing or wish to deal in stocks and shares. Below we give several clients' accounts. Look at the totals and remember that liability can be limited to £6 only.

No Stamps Charged.

No Fees.

No Commissions.

Liability Limited.

Unlimited Profits.

W.B.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16768 .	20	0	0
16852 .	23	0	0
17074 .	18	0	0
17363 .	8	0	0
17535 .	18	0	0
18001 .	23	10	0
18123 .	29	5	3
18327 .	49	0	0
18717 .	38	16	6
18775 .	12	0	0
18983 .	43	0	0
19055 .	13	10	0
19406 .	25	0	0
Total	£319	2	9

G. T. G.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16515 .	18	0	0
17037 .	91	5	0
17119 .	30	0	0
17120 .	7	0	0
17189 .	58	0	0
17392 .	85	10	0
17556 .	50	10	0
17557 .	14	10	0
17733 .	50	0	0
18185 .	18	0	0
18368 .	40	0	0
18886 .	20	0	0
19412 .	18	0	0
Total	£501	15	0

No Stamps Charged.

No Fees.

No Commissions.

Liability Limited.

Unlimited Profits.

If you will fill in the Coupon at side and post to us immediately, we will acquaint you with the Particulars of our business, and show you how it is possible to make material sums with liability limited to a small outlay. Why should you not be represented in the amounts paid away to clients?

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £367,200, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

J B. 561

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

(Please write distinctly.)

DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

W. W. M. (East Dulwich) says he is poet laureate at Jim Crow's Court, and his price is 4s. a dozen. But Crow prefers oysters.

"One who has Tried it."—25s. a week seems a poor wage for night-men in a bank if they have to work 84 hours a week and only get 12 nights off during the year. Why not try something else?

M. J. M. B. (Burnt Green).—The gentleman who advertises for a family "to live with" and specifies "no rooms," is evidently not difficult to please.

J. E. T. S. (East Sheen).—If the rate-collector chooses to be disagreeable we fear you have no remedy, but you have every excuse for grumbling.

J. N. (Forest Hill).—How *can* we vouch for the meat supplied by your butcher? Send us a sirloin and we will tell you what we think of it.

H. K. (Bromsgrove).—We never do prophesy unless we know. But this is passim, otherwise by the way.

"Elocution" (Weybridge) wants to know of a class or tutor to rid him of a broad Midland accent and to improve his elocution. What is the matter with the accent?

"Nepenthe" protests against a man who talked of "damned impertinence" being reported for swearing. Of course it was nothing of the kind!

"Lex" (Acton).—We do not agree that Buonaparte is "glorified in England almost as much as in France."

S. (Cardiff) asks whether we think it fair "that such methods should be used at hotels as the infernal method of tipping that is going on." As a commercial traveller, he has to pay from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a day in tips. We hope he is rewarded by extra special attention. And, by the way, how many meals does he take?

Major-General L. (Upper Norwood) reminds us that about a year ago we gave a biscuit to someone who used the word "Nightingale" in an unusual way. Thereupon, a number of correspondents wrote to point out that it meant a kind of shawl. Now, our gallant correspondent has discovered that the French word "Rossignol" means old, unsaleable merchandise; waste, dead stock.

"The Calf" (Manchester) grumbles about white slavery in the boot and shoe trade.

E. L. (Wadsley Bridge).—Sorry you got done out of your drinks.

H. M. G. (Aigburth) wants a Government official to be appointed to represent the interests of the people against corners and trusts.

R. R. (Berkhamsted).—We are glad to hear of our popularity at Bangalore, and quite agree that we "should be read wherever the British flag flies." Perhaps we are.

"A Reader" (Harrow) asks why we don't try to win the magnificent prizes offered by other papers. Of course, the possibility of turning 6d. into 5s. is alluring, but we have just one or two other things to think of at the present moment.

T. J. (Old Ford).—You evidently possess a sense of rich humour if we may judge by your remarkable contribution:—

Ikey, visiting sick wife in hospital sits beside her bed.
Rachel: Ikey, you must sit on ze left side.
Ikey: Ah well, Rachel, I vas like to be on ze right side of everetinks.

W. D. D. (Peckham) saw a notice at the District Railway: "For Law Courts, Way Out," and thinks it should read "Weigh Out." *Certes*, many litigants would be glad to know the way out.

J. K. (Aberystwyth) wants ballot papers to embrace a sort of referendum on questions of the hour. That would be all right for the Government which had the framing of the questions. How could you ask a voter if he favours, say, Tariff Reform or Free Trade, when no man knoweth exactly what it is? You might as well ask him to answer, "Yes" or "No," "Are you a greater fool than you look?"

J. F. O. (Wakefield).—We really don't know "who is Fredk. Eastwood, dealer in journalistic literature, who offers to supply weekly newspapers with seven articles of a hair-raising German-invasion-scare order." Nor do we greatly care.

"A Leaguer" quotes from "a rare old volume":—

"Every Briton has freedom enough,
To be happy as long as he's good,
To be ruled by a glorious King,
To be governed by Jury and Laws,
Then let us be happy and sing,
This, this, is true Liberty's cause."

Yes, but we want more freedom.

T. S. E. (Gateshead).—Do not believe all you hear, especially about prominent politicians.

"Berwick" (New Southgate) wants to know a good way of getting an oil picture valued without taking it to a dealer. Why not take it to several dealers?

"Perplexed" (Bristol).—We have already warned readers against Bennett and Co., Wood Street, City, whose agents sell cloth to the unwary.

"Hlabelani" (Stamford Hill) agrees with us about most things, but not about African natives, and says Colonials are more British than we are. What is his definition of British?

C. M. (London) says that Carter, Paterson are in the habit of demanding extortionate sums from persons who do not receive goods regularly. But it may not be their fault. They are often only the agents of others.

R. S. (Canning Town) informs us of a discussion at a public house as to whether a gladiator is an amphibious animal. One of the boozers was certain that it was a "woman reptile."

H. F. M. (Worthing), as a theatrical manager, has often lamented the clap-trap employed by some members of his profession for purposes of advertisement, but has never seen anything among them "to equal the low-down twaddle in the way of printing, pictorial and otherwise, that was put out by both parties for the General Election."

"A Naval Reader" (Chatham) complains of the uncivil way depositors in the Chatham Dockyard Naval Savings Bank are treated. A man who wanted to draw £5 was questioned about his reason for requiring the money, and the clerk said: "You people seem to think you can draw money out whenever you like." Was the application made at an unusual hour?

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

CLOTHE YOURSELF ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM.

Suits Cut by Experts. Prices from 42s. Instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the GOOD WEAR CO. (Dept. 33), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

IF YOU SUFFER

FROM

HEADACHES, FLATULENCY, PALPITATION
INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, LANGUOR,
BILIOUSNESS ACIDITY, LOSS OF
APPETITE, OR CONSTIPATION,

a course of Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly set you right. It is a highly-concentrated vegetable compound having direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. It promotes healthy digestion and excretion, expels all impurities from the system, enriches the blood, and thus imparts health and tone to every part of the body.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Thousands of men and women are every year cured of indigestion and other stomach and liver disorders by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Their testimony, given without fee or reward, affords convincing proof that Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses curative and strengthening properties not found in any other medicine. "For twenty-seven years," says Mrs. Barnes, 139, Upper Bridge Road, Chelmsford, Essex, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup has been my only medicine."

WILL CURE YOU

TAKE IT DAILY AFTER MEALS.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

Indigestion

The Cause and The Remedy

Indigestion manifests itself in many ways. Heartburn, flatulence, Dizziness, etc., are some of the commonest symptoms. The cause is acidity in the stomach due to undigested food, and the remedy is Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory and Moore.

These Lozenges are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and give immediate and permanent relief by absorbing and removing the acidity—the only rational and effective method of treatment. Sufferers from Indigestion, and even confirmed dyspeptics, are by their means enabled to enjoy a meal, and to derive benefit from the food taken. The lozenges are supplied by chemists in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

A FREE TRIAL BOX will be forwarded to all who write enclosing 1d. for postage, and mentioning "John Bull," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London.

DR. JENNER'S

Absorbent LOZENGES

Estd. 1838. Estd. 1838

GENERAL

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

Assets Over £1,650,000. Claims Paid £3,000,000.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

Chief Offices:—General Buildings, Perth;
9 & 10, King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

General Manager—
F. Norie-Miller, J.P.

GOVERNMENT and MUNICIPAL EXAMINATIONS.

Those desiring to qualify for Civil Service, or for Sanitary, Factory, Weights and Measures Inspectorships or as Lady Health Visitors, School Nurses, etc., should write for guide to Secretary, Sanitary Training College, 215, High Holborn, London.

SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

Costly Modern and Antique, Without Any Reserve

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE.

The Newman St. Furniture and Antique Depositories (Ltd.),

offer a fresh lot of goods, as below, for immediate sale privately, without any reserve, just removed from Cambridge House, Regent's Park; 7, Connaught Place, Hyde Park; Russell Square, Bayswater, Raynes Park, Milford Haven, and elsewhere. Any article can be stored free for 12 months, and can be purchased separately and delivered in town or country free of all charge. Good opportunity for dealers, boarding-house keepers, connoisseurs, and those requiring good secondhand furniture at less than one-fourth its value. The drawing-room furniture, which is almost new, comprises, amongst other things, French-gilt Louis XIV. drawing-room suite upholstered in silk, designed by Monsieur Watteau, of Paris, worth 80 guineas, accept 20 guineas; a unique satinwood drawing-room suite, comprising cabinet with drawers enclosed, centre table, overmantel, Empire settee, two lounge chairs and six occasional chairs, all upholstered in French silk, accept 23 guineas, worth treble; Chippendale design drawing-room suite, 10 guineas; also Sheraton design set, 12 guineas; two Chesterfields, upholstered in a fine art tapestry, convertible ends, one 40s. and the other 60s.; 5ft. stuffover settee with rounded ends, upholstered in flowered silk, on turn gilt legs and casters, 6 guineas; six divan club easy chairs, 22s. each; 10 pretty and exquisite design occasional drawing-room chairs, 6s. each; very fine old Dutch inlaid cabinet, two elegant Vernis Martin cabinets, two buhl cabinets (fully inlaid), French writing bureau, and a magnificent specimen cabinet fitted with glass doors, grand piano by Broadwood, 15 guineas; also grand piano by Collard and Collard, 12 guineas; a magnificent instrument by Gustav Richter, £14; and a fine tone piano, £10; grand piano by C. Bechstein, no offer refused if reasonable; a brilliant tone, full-compass, iron frame, trichord boudoir grand pianoforte, in rosewood case, on fluted legs, by Steinway and Sons; American organ; piano player, by Hardman; almost new, very massive square pillar all-brass bedstead, full size, with pure hair mattress, etc., from 60s.; an Italian square brass tube bedstead, 8 guineas; black and brass bedstead, 30s.; 10 most massive and elaborate bedroom suites in Heppelwhite, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, white enamel, oak, etc., from 70s. each; ebonised show cabinets with carved boxwood panels, 6ft. mahogany wardrobe, fitted rail, 10 pegs, bonnet drawer, two sliding trays, five long and two short drawers, silvered glass centre, two panel doors, 8 guineas; 4ft. Spanish mahogany chest of four long drawers, shape top, with column support on plinth, £3 10s.; mahogany shaving stand with adjustable circular mirror, 25s.; 3ft. 6in. birch washstand, 10s.; Sheraton design bedroom suite, 6 guineas; large-size, fully inlaid suite, 12 guineas, and one at 15 guineas; three old antique chests, two tallboy chests, two very fine satinwood bedroom suites inlaid with kingwood, etc., with cheval glasses to match, 6ft. Sheraton design bedroom suite, 25 guineas, worth 60 guineas; mahogany cheval glass, 6 guineas; 3ft. mahogany robe, two bedside tables, etc., the dining, library, and reception furniture, comprises an elaborate carved oak dining-room set, consisting of two Elizabethan design carved oak chairs, six small chairs to match; most elegant and massive carved oak sideboard with bevel plate-glass back, extending dining table, all to match, six very fine specimens of reproduction of Chippendale chairs upholstered in crimson leather, also Sheraton design set, Heppelwhite set, a very fine Queen Anne dining-room set, 8 guineas; mahogany-frame, high back, open armchair, upholstered in crimson leather, 3 guineas; stuffover couch, upholstered in crimson morocco, 4 guineas; mahogany-frame, open armchair in morocco, £2 15s.; six walnut-frame dining chairs, seats upholstered en suite, 6 guineas; two oak bookcases, a morning-room suite in solid oak, comprising oak Welsh dresser, with copper fitments, and a William and Mary design suite upholstered in red leather, table, overmantel, all to match, accept 12 guineas; 6ft. 6in. oak sideboard, 4ft. chiffonniere, 5ft. walnut dining table (seven leaves), 4ft. 6in. grain walnut writing table, ormolu clock, a real Chippendale corner cupboard, three dining tables, opening to 16ft., from 60s.; mahogany dinner wagon, a convertible billiard dining table, with balls, cues, etc., and old oak coffer, two grandfather clocks, chiming on tubes, striking mantel clock by Leroy et Fils, Paris, with compensated movement, brass and ormolu dial, in ebonised glazed case, 26in. high; morocco Chesterfield and two club easys to match; the Wilton pile, maroon and figured buff ground and bordered carpet, 15ft. 9ins. by 17ft. Turkey and Persian carpets, fine specimens, also Axminster, Brussels, and other carpets, from 20s. each; about 16 pairs very fine silk curtains and mantel drapery to match, a rare collection of china, including a very fine Wedgwood dessert service, Dresden coffee service, etc., collection of fine old silver and Sheffield plate in Georgian and other designs; canteen of silver, 100 pieces, 7 guineas; two very fine sets of English-cut table glass, large quantity of bed and table linen; curtains, etc.; some rare oil and water-colour paintings and engravings, several pieces of plate by Mappin and Webb, two-plated candelabras and three pairs candlesticks, some very fine and unique bear and tiger skins, mounted as rugs, full heads, 10 cases of wines, assorted; very fine cigar cabinet; Parisian Victoria, miniature brougham, and two motor-cars, two wine bins, etc. All can be seen, and are being sold, without any reserve, every day, from nine to nine, except Saturdays, when we close at seven, at

THE NEWMAN ST. FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES, LTD.
(Auctioneers and Valuers),
92, 93, 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

(One Door from Oxford St., 3 minutes from Tottenham Court Road and Regent St., and adjoining all the Principal Tubes). Telephone: 1327 Central.

£10,000 OF GENUINE SECONDHAND FURNITURE ALWAYS ON VIEW.
SECONDHAND FURNITURE BOUGHT TO ANY EXTENT.
Catalogues Now Ready; full particulars on application.
DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE BEFORE SEEING THESE GOODS.

GALE'S SPECIAL.

ONE SHILLING PER COPY.

THE EDITOR OF "GALE'S SPECIAL"!!!
is a personality in racing circles, who has been identified with the turf for upwards of 40 years.

THE AIM OF "GALE'S SPECIAL"!!!
is to merit the kudos of the whole of the sporting fraternity by honest consideration for their interest and straightforward dealings with them in every respect.

THE SUCCESS OF "GALE'S SPECIAL"!!!
is universally appreciated. Upon every hand one continually hears of benefits received by sportsmen who have participated in our information. So important has been the impression created in sporting circles generally that the intelligence sent out by us is regarded by those best calculated to form an authoritative judgment as nothing less than inspired.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!!!
presents itself. In order that you may give "GALE'S SPECIAL" a fair trial, if you will send us a Postal Order for 10s. 6d. we will send you all copies of the paper for thirteen weeks, all private letters sent out, and next Saturday's Two Horse Telegram free of charge.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD THING???
It will be admitted on every hand that this is the most amazing offer ever placed before the sporting public, but our phenomenal success places us in the unique position of being able to deal generously with good sportsmen. Send us your subscription to-day. WE GUARANTEE THE WIRE!

YOU CANNOT LOSE!!!
A glance at our record is sufficient to demonstrate conclusively the success we have hitherto attained, and to indicate that the fame of "GALE'S SPECIAL" has been achieved by merit alone. Won't you share our success?

RECENT SATURDAY WIRES!!!
have contained the most startling and exclusive information ever placed before the racing public. Our Tattersall's Ring Wires have given:—

Saturday, April 30th—	
NIGHT RIDER	Won
MARAJAX	Won
Saturday, April 23rd—	
GRIMMET	Won
PRICOTA	Won
Saturday, April 16th—	
GALLEON	Won
SYCE	Won
Saturday, April 9th—	
ABATTIS	Won
Queen Beauty Colt	Second
Saturday, April 2nd—	
Kalidasa	Lost
Ninian	Lost
Saturday, March 26th—	
BLUE SAND	Won
FAIRY TOAST	Won

WHAT WE OFFER YOU!!!
is certain, sound, trustworthy, and exclusive information.

TATTERSALL'S RING WIRES!!!
TEN POUNDS FOR TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS.
TWELVE WINNERS FOR TEN POUNDS.
TEN POUNDS FOR TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS,
"Gale's Special" Guarantees You Twelve Winners for Ten Pounds,

OCCASIONAL ONE HORSE WIRES!!!
THREE POUNDS FOR TEN. THREE POUNDS FOR TEN.
FIVE POUNDS FOR TWENTY.

TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!

FIVE MESSAGES FOR TWENTY SHILLINGS!!!
THE TWO BEST RINGS OF THE DAY!!!

THE SECURITY OF YOUR FUTURE!!!
may depend upon your immediate acceptance of our offer. Do IT NOW! Let our unquestionable knowledge supplement yours, and by the substitution of profitable for unprofitable intelligence increase your income and assure your whole future success. What we have already accomplished speaks for itself. WE ARE HOT ON THE INSIDE TRACK OF KNOWLEDGE, and by merit and efficient and accurate service "GALE'S SPECIAL" leads the way in the sporting world.

A RECORD OF SUCCESS!!!
"GALE'S SPECIAL," among other winners, has sent out this season SLIEVE ROE, POWDER PUFF, RED SHAH, DESMOND'S PRIDE, THEO BOLD, OLD CHINA, SALAMET ANGLICUS, BLACK PLUM, SEISDON SQUIRE, MUSHROOM, etc., etc.

WHAT DO YOU SAY???
Shall we help you? You must admit our record has been a wonderful one of consistency and reliability. We publish the most genuine and reliable information ever placed within reach of the sporting public in every issue. We don't believe in "swank" or guesswork, and if you join us your success is assured. WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Note that our ONLY address is—

GALE'S SPECIAL,
Ruskin Buildings, BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address—"WINNERS, BIRMINGHAM."
We undertake No Commissions for Clients, and do not accept Minors or Students at Public Schools as Subscribers.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

(" *Larry Lynx* " *of* The People, *and* " *Magpie* " *of* The Globe.)

Appreciation.

I am very deeply indebted to a host of readers and followers for their communications and expressions of congratulation upon a very fortunate double event last week, when Throne and Country and Rex both won their races as expected, the former, at a very open price. Several horses will be bought to carry the colours with, I hope, equal success, although we cannot expect *everything* to come our way. Still, those who support them will always have the most genuine run that any equine or human will give them, whilst, personally, it is reward enough if my selections come off to help the little punter.

The " biggest loser " the whole racing army and partisans of sports generally have ever backed is the loss of our beloved sportsman King. It is impossible to pen his greatness in words—his delightful manliness—his superb being, He loved the Turf, but the Turf and its followers in every conceivable corner of the English speaking world loved, revered, admired the grandest Monarch who ever breathed.

Prophetic.

Only Gatwick to be dealt with prior to a big holiday week, that is if racing is practicable under the sad circumstances. Seeing that we have lost a little on Eaton Lad we are entitled to follow him in the Prince's Handicap on Saturday, but only for a *trifle*, as I am convinced that if he is really fit and fancied,

Admiral Togo III.,

a *really* nice horse, will win it.

At Hurst Park on Bank Holiday *I have no doubt whatever* but that

Sporting Pictorial (late The Dargle)

will win the Match. Although not proved in public, her trainer does not question her " getting " the five furlongs, so that even in face of Maher's luck and jockeyship I do not think we have cause to funk, or to hesitate to bet a shade of odds on. With the other side equally confident, it is bound to be a pretty near thing in the market, and I honestly hope it will be so in the race. However, whatever the result, it is an absolutely clean, genuine match, the outcome of friendly rivalry.

On the same day I am in great hopes of seeing the cerise, apple-green spots and cap in front again upon

Throne and Country

In the Holiday Handicap, despite his meeting Seaham upon 6lbs. worse terms. The horse is so thoroughly well just now that the 5lbs. extra will not make very much difference, and, moreover, he won with quite that in hand of Seaham at Chester. A great deal, naturally, depends upon the luck of the race and *how* it is run. I apprehend much more danger from my old friend Orquil, who was second to Valens in much better company, and also more still from Moscato only beaten a head for third place in the Victoria Cup behind Senseless. However, we must hope for the best, and those who support him each way will have the best of it, and a *real* good run for their money. Higgs probably rides the horse at the overweight.

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It would take up far too much room to publish all the testimonials I have received from my clients, but to give you a faint idea of the extraordinary value of my Daily System Wire I quote a testimonial received from a client as long ago as January 21st, 1908, and when I tell you that this gentleman is still following my Daily System Wire I am sure you will agree that better testimony to my abilities is absolutely impossible, and to prove to you that I am speaking the truth I am willing to furnish any client with the full name and address of this gentleman. They can then place themselves in communication with him and prove that what I say is correct.

NEWRY, *January 21st*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find P.O. for a further set of wires. It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found your system worked on the selections you send extremely satisfactory, and much beyond anything I have ever heard of, or am likely to hear of, as it is unbeatable, and everything that you claim for it.

All that one needs to make a certain and regular income on your system horses is a small capital and confidence, both of which a follower of system will attain in a short time.

Trusting we will both live long to beat our enemies the "bookies,"

Yours sincerely, M.

I see no earthly reason why you should not follow my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. You must have a good Turf Adviser if you want to make racing pay, so why not follow the man who has studied racing and systems all his life, the man who desires to see you win; for in your success lies his own success.

I have clients on my books who have been following my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES ever since I first introduced them to the sporting public at the beginning of 1908, and it stands to reason that when my clients continue to follow me

WEEK AFTER WEEK, MONTH AFTER MONTH, & YEAR AFTER YEAR,

they must be making money; so why shouldn't you do likewise? for what one can do another can do also, and when there is money to be made, why keep in the background? Why push it away from you? Thousands of people are continually complaining that they never have an opportunity; but the real fact of the matter is that very few people grasp the opportunities that are held out to them; they cannot see them. I offer you an opportunity now to make racing pay, and if you fail to grasp it, it is your own fault. Moreover, I will go further and

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providing you follow my instructions, and to prove to you how confident I am of my ability to make racing pay,

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should I fail in my guarantee. You must admit that this is a sporting offer, and is convincing proof that I can carry out all I claim.

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Tuesday,	I'ANSON.	WON 7 to 4
Wednesday,	SHULETOI.	WON 5 to 4
Friday,	CARGILL	WON 7 to 1
Saturday,	BORDON CAMP.	WON 7 to 4

(One race only each day.)

This was not a bad record, although, except in the case of Cargill, the prices were not up to much But so long as one can find winners, it does not matter much about the prices, especially with my system to work upon.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING WHATEVER

to obtain my copyright booklet, therefore do not wait even until to-morrow, but sit down and write NOW, or telephone your name and address, WHICH WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY PRIVATE, and I will at once post you full particulars, in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE. Your name and address, and the words "JOHN BULL" on the back of a postcard is all that is necessary, and it will prove the best minute's work you ever did in your life; so do not hesitate but write or 'phone immediately.

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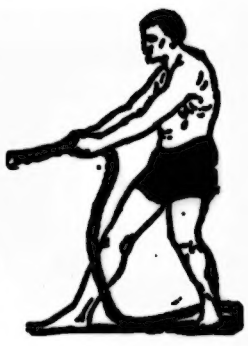

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